

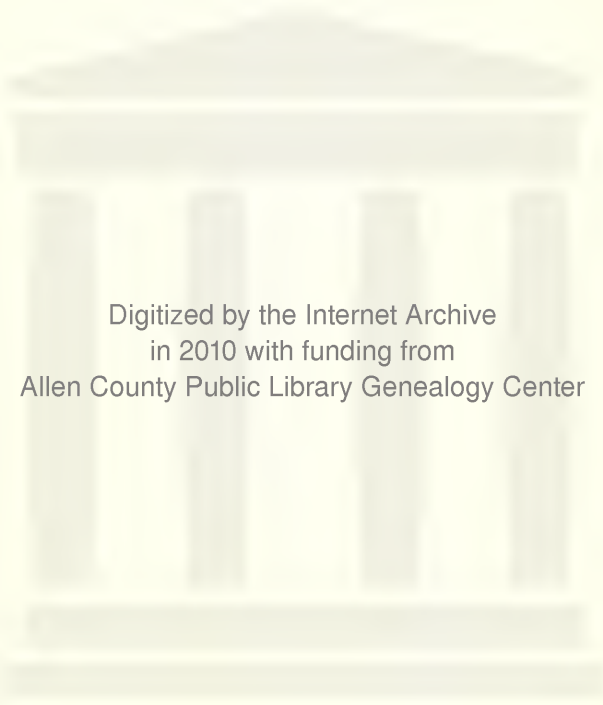
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A HISTORY

OF THE

BETHUNE FAMILY.

*Translated from the French of André du Chesne, with Additions
from Family Records and other available sources.*

TOGETHER WITH A SKETCH OF THE

FANEUIL FAMILY,

WITH WHOM THE BETHUNES HAVE BECOME CONNECTED
IN AMERICA.

BY

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HISTORY OF THE BETHUNE FAMILY.

THE family name of BETHUNE is taken from the city of that name in the ancient Province of Picardie, France. It was called by the Romans "Betunia in Gaul." It was the chief city of a barony belonging to a family descended from the Counts of Artois. Since the eleventh century they have been known in history as the Bethunes of Picardie; prior to that date family names were unknown.

In the year 1011, Robert, first of his name, Baron of Bethune and Lord of Richebourg, was chosen "*Defender or Protector of the Church.*" This was deemed a very great honor, only conferred on powerful princes; for it involved the duty of defending and protecting the church property and the interests of the church generally.

The ADVOUE D'ARRAS, as it is written in the old French histories, enjoyed the high honor of having the banner of the church borne before him in all warlike expeditions. Hence Robert 1st of Bethune is called "*Faïsseus*" to indicate that he enjoyed this distinction, and the band or *fasse* in the shield of the Bethune arms was to commemorate the conferring of this honor on him and his posterity.

In return for the services the Barons of Bethune rendered the church, the church has preserved, in its archives, a minute and reliable history of the family; so that we have before us an uninterrupted genealogy from father to son from 1011 to the present day, together with all the

births, deaths, and marriages, and an account of everything worthy of note connected with their history. A very large volume is the result of all this accumulation of incidents during eight centuries. The difficulty is to select the interesting items and pass by that which is less noteworthy.

The most remarkable feature of their history is the number of churches they have built; the institutions for learning they have founded, supported, and patronized; the public charities they have started and kept alive by their bounty; and the costly bridges, buildings, and the like they have given to the public. I have not space to give even a list of them. The beautiful Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, built by Godefroy¹ of Bethune, in the beginning of the twelfth century, is a fine specimen of munificence.

The earliest traditions speak of the family, both men and women, as devoted to learning, and that even in the darkest of the dark ages.

¹ Some writers call him Maurice of Bethune. But as the statue of Godefroy of Bethune was standing near the westerly entrance of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, and the Parisians stated that he was the donor of the Church of Notre Dame, I incline to think it was Godefroy. The statue I saw in 1848 had a small round hat and chain armor.—*J. L. Weiss*.

BAUDOUIN OF BETHUNE AND RICHARD
CŒUR DE LEON.

In the beginning of the twelfth century, when Philip Augustus of France and Richard of England went to the Holy Land, they were accompanied by Baudouin of Bethune, son of Robert 5th of Bethune. During the sojourn in the East, Baudouin appears to have attached himself particularly to King Richard, and they started on the return in company, and were taken prisoners together in Germany. Together they endured the detention, and together they escaped to England; on their arrival, or shortly after, Baudouin was married to an English lady, the Countess of Aumale, in Normandie, and of Holderness, in the Province of York, England. She was daughter of the Count of Aumale, who was son of William the Conqueror's half-sister, who had married a Count of Aumale; this would make her cousin to King Richard. She had first married William Mande-ville, Count of Essex. He died, leaving her without children.

The French historian writes: "Their marriage was contracted by command of Richard, King of England, *who loved Baudouin of Bethune*, and had his arms emblazoned by the author of the catalogue of the arms of the Kings, Dukes, Marquises, and Counts of England." (See du Chesne's history, p. 152.)

The above events are related by Richard Camden, the English historian, and by Robert, Abbot du Mont, in his "Chronicles."

The name of BAUDOUIN OF BETHUNE, COUNT OF AUMA-LE,

is found in many state papers in the reign of Richard and of his brother John. From his marriage there were two children, a son, who died young, and a daughter married to William Marechal, Count of Pembroke, in England; no issue.

Another and less agreeable story is told of a lady of Bethune, young and beautiful, who was accused of witchcraft, because she produced some important papers that had been entrusted to her keeping, after they had been forcibly taken from her and destroyed. *Probably she, seeing their importance, had made duplicates of them*, but that was past belief, and the King of France burned her for a witch. Her relatives were so incensed that they applied to Edward of England for assistance. The young and chivalric monarch sent an English army to aid the Flemings in avenging her wrongs, and a war between France and England of several years' duration was the consequence. *This account is from Andrew's "History of England."*

A very important fact in the history of the Bethunes is that twice the whole fortune of the family has rested with an heiress, there being no son to succeed his father, and the possession going to a nephew of the last possessor. The effect has been that all but the small part of the possessions entailed on the male heir went with the heiress to another family, into which she married. This occurred first in 1248, when Robert 7th of Bethune died, and his eldest daughter, Matilda, married the Count of Flanders; and again in 1405, when by the death of Robert Bethune, Viscount of Meaux and Lord of Vendeuil, there were left two daughters, Jeanne and Jaqueline, the titles and a part of the estate went to the brother of Robert, namely, John of Bethune. But a great amount of property and many large estates passed with the two heiresses. The eldest, Jeanne, or Jeannette, married first Robert of Bar, Count of Marle, and after his death she married John of Luxembourg, Count of Liney and of Guise, a very high connection.

Jaqueline of Bethune, the younger of these heiresses, married Raoul d'Ailly, Lord Varennes, who was son of Baudouin d'Ailly, Lord Pinqueny, Chamberlain to King Charles VI. She was married 1413.

These females' taking the wealth of the family into other houses was a cause of the diminished fortunes of the French or elder branch of the family. Further, the grandfather of the Duke of Sully, John of Bethune, fourth of the name, Baron of Rosny, is said to have squandered everything that it was in his power to alienate, and in consequence his children, although noble and rich, yet possessed not the princely wealth that had distinguished the family before his day; he was sometimes called John "LACK LAND." His son Francis of Bethune, Baron of Rosny, inherited from his mother, Anne de Melun of Rosny, and married Charlotte Dauvet, daughter of the Baron du Pin, "Counsellor of the King." She became the mother of seven children. The eldest son, Louis of Bethune, was Baron of Rosny; the second was Maximilian, who became Duke of Sully, Peer and Marechal of France, Sovereign Prince of Henrichemont and of Boisbelle, and sixteen other titles, which all descended to his posterity.

We will relate an instance of the high alliances of the family :

Jaqueline of Luxembourg was sister to Thibant, Lord of Fiennes; they were descended from Matilda Bethune, who, about the year 1250, married the Count of Flanders. Matilda was the daughter and heiress of Robert 6th of Bethune.

Jaqueline of Luxembourg must have been a singularly fascinating person. She was first married to John, son of Charles VI. of France; after his death she married, in 1430, the great Duke of Bedford; after his death she married Richard, Lord Woodville. By her last marriage she became

the mother of the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville, who when a widow won the affections of Edward IV. and became Queen of England. See "History of England."

In speaking of the early history of the family I must not omit the part they played at the time of the Crusades. In 1194 Robert 3d of Bethune went with Robert, Count of Flanders, to the Holy Land. So also did Adam of Bethune, the son of Robert 3d; he was with the Count of Flanders at the taking of Jerusalem, and after Godefroy of Bouillon was made King. When Godefroy was distributing lands and territories among the most worthy of the Christian nobles that were with him, he bestowed the Barony of Bessan on Adam of Bethune. His descendants held it for centuries. A brother of Robert 6th, named Conon of Bethune, was Lord of Adrianople, in Greece; some writers call him King of Adrianople. His son, Conon, is mentioned in Andrew's history as Regent of the Empire in Constantinople, as follows:

Page 260. "Yoland (widow of the Constantinopolitan Emperor Peter) dying, Conon of Bethune takes the Regency and settles a dangerous dispute between the Nobility and Clergy of the Imperial city." This event occurred about the year 1213.

GENEALOGICAL CHART OF THE MAIN BRANCH OF THE BETHUNE FAMILY FROM 1011 TO 1448.

Number of the Generations.	Year.
1st. ROBERT the first, Lord of Bethune and of Richebourg, who received the appointment of "ADVOUE D'ARRAS," or <i>Protector and Defender of the Church of Arras</i> , left two sons: the eldest succeeded him; the younger founded the family of the Lords of Carency.	1011 to 1036

Number of the Generations.	Year.
2d. ROBERT 2d, etc., etc., etc., "was one of the greatest nobles of that time." So writes Baldric, author of "Chronicles" of that date. His eldest son,	1038 to 1072
3d. ROBERT 3d, etc., went to the Holy Land with Godefroy de Bouillon; so did also his two younger sons, Adam and Conon of Be- thune. Adam founded the family of the Lords of Bessan in Galilee. Conon became King of Adrianople and was father to Conon, Regent of the Empire in Constan- tinople; the eldest son of the family was	1075 to 1101
4th. ROBERT 4th, etc., surnamed "Le Gros." He married Adelise, daughter of Robert of Peronne, Lord of Warneston. Count Charles of Flanders, in writing of him, says that "he is the most distinguished person of his court," etc. He was succeeded by his second son,	1106 to 1128
5th. WILLIAM 1st, etc., etc., Lord of Warneston, who married Clemence d'Oisy, eldest daughter of Simon, Lord of d'Oisy and Creveœur. The tomb of this William of Bethune is in the Church of St. Bartholomy of Bethune, on the right and left of the great altar. ¹ (See illustrations.) His eldest son,	1129 to 1144

¹ The monument stands half on one side and half on the other of the altar.

Number of the Generations.		Year.
6th.	ROBERT 5th, called "Le-Roux," married Adelaide, daughter to Hughes, Count of St. Pol. This Robert went to the Holy Land with Philip, Count of Flanders. He returned in 1177. He was father to Baudouin, Count of Aumale, the favorite of Richard Cœur de Leon.	1145 to 1191
7th.	{ ROBERT 6th died without children and was succeeded by his brother, WILLIAM 2d, etc., etc., who married Matilda, Lady of Tenremonde, only daughter of Daniel, Prince of Tenremonde; she was a great heiress. They had six children; the eldest,	1194 to 1214
8th.	{ DANIEL of Bethune, married Eustacia, daughter of the Count of St. Pol. He possessed the estates from 1215 to 1225, but having no children was succeeded by his brother, ROBERT 7th, etc., etc., who married Isabelle of Moreaume, daughter of Nicolas of Conde. She died on November 13, 1248, and has a magnificent monument in the Church of Saint Vaast. They left an only daughter, Matilda, ¹ who married the Count of Flanders and carried to him many great possessions. The succession passed to a nephew,	1215 to 1225 1226 to 1242

¹ From this Matilda, who in the thirteenth century married the Count of Flanders, was descended the Duchess of Bedford, who by her last marriage with Richard, Lord Woodville, became the mother of a Queen of England, wife to Edward IV.

Number of the Generations.	Year.
9th. WILLIAM 3d, Lord of Molembegue. He married a noble and rich lady, Elizabeth of Pontrohart, heiress of the Lord Pontrohart. The writer, James Meier, in his "Annals and Chronicles," speaks of her as an " <i>illustrious and magnificent lady</i> ;" says she was " <i>the light and guide of all around her</i> ," of " <i>unbounded benevolence</i> ," etc.	1243 to 1255
10th. WILLIAM 4th, etc., etc., son of the above, married Beatrice, Lady of Hebuterne. Their son,	1255 to 1279
11th. WILLIAM, Lord of Locres and of Hebuterne, contracted an alliance of the highest order. Jeanne, or Jeannette, Princess of France, great-granddaughter of Louis VII., married Ferdinand, King of Castille and Leon; by this marriage she became mother of Ferdinand of Castille and of Leonora of Castille, wife of Edward I. of England. After the death of King Ferdinand the widow married the Count of Ponthieu, by whom she had one daughter, Jeannette of Neelle, married to William of Bethune, which brought the children of the latter in close consanguinity with all the reigning houses of Europe. Their eldest son,	1294 to 1340
12th. WILLIAM BETHUNE, Lord of Locres, married Marie of Roye, Lady of Vendeuil. Their eldest son, Mathieu, died young, and the second son,	1348

Number of the Generations.	Year.
13th. JOHN BETHUNE of Locres, Lord of Vendeuil and of Liefontaine, married Jeannette de Coucy, who was descended in the male line from the Counts of Guines, and in the female line from the Kings of France. Their eldest son, Robert, left no son, and the succession fell to the second son,	1373
14th. JOHN BETHUNE of Locres, Lord of Autresche and of Mareuil, and eight other titles or Lordships, many acquired by inheritance from his sister, Marie of Bethune, Lady of Voudenay and of Baye, widow of Eustache, Lord Voudenay. He, John, married Isabeau d'Estouteville, daughter to Robert, Lord d'Estouteville, and Margaret of Montmorancy, descended from the royal family of France. They had three sons:	1380 to 1415
15th. { ANTHONY, who died unmarried, and was succeeded by his brother, ROBERT, Lord of Baye and Mareuil, etc., Counsellor and Chamberlain to King Charles VII. He married Michelle d'Estouteville, and from them is descended (five generations lower down) the Duke of Sully. Our interest now turns to the third son of John Bethune and Isabeau d'Estouteville, namely, Sir JAMES BETHUNE, who becomes Baron of Balfour, in Scotland.	1416 to 1470 1438

The continuation of the genealogy will be found further on.

SIR JAMES BETHUNE

IS CREATED BARON OF BALFOUR, SCOTLAND.

Beginning of the Fifteenth Century.

Extract from the Funeral Oration delivered by M. Pierre Victor Cayer, Doctor of the Theological Faculty of Paris, in the Church of St. John, the last day of April, 1603, on the occasion of the death of the Lord James Bethune, Ambassador from King James of England, Scotland, and Ireland, near his Majesty, Henry IV. of France, etc. The facts related, he says, "are derived from the papers and records of the deceased."

"In the Kingdom of Scotland (1448), the question being agitated as to the marriage of the King, James II., Ambassadors Extraordinary were sent to the illustrious Duke of Gueldres and Julliers to ask in marriage, in the name of the King, the Very Illustrious Princess Marie, his daughter, who was niece to Philip, Duke of Bourgogne and of Brabant, a very powerful Prince in those times. The Ambassadors thus commissioned were the Very Hon. William, Chancellor of Scotland, the Right Rev. John, Bishop of Bonquel, and Sir Nicolas d'Autriburn, a very distinguished Knight. They went to Gueldres with a great retinue, and obtained, by the favor of the Very Christian King, Charles VII. of France, the Very Illustrious Princess Marie of Gueldres and of Julliers, and escorted her to the King, their master, to be married in Scotland, she being accompanied by the Very Rev. Bishop of Cambray and of Liege, together with the Very Illustrious Princes, the Prince of Vaire, the Prince of Bergue, and the Prince of Rauastain, and many great and valiant knights. Among them was one lord,

distinguished above all the others, of the ancient race and house of Bethune of Flandres."

The person here referred to was James of Bethune, third son of John of Bethune, Lord Mareuil, and Isabeau d'Estouteville, and brother to Robert of Bethune, Chamberlain to Charles VII. The orator further states:

"Having come into Scotland with this party, and being a gentleman of quality, he entered at once into the good graces of the King, who, wishing to retain him near his person, prayed him to remain in Scotland, and gave him in marriage the only daughter and heiress of the house of Balfour; this house of Balfour being one of the first in Scotland in favor and authority near the King. The title was Baron of Balfour. At that day, as in ancient times in France, it was the highest title. Since then their titles have been augmented to Counts, Marquises, and Dukes, and they have held offices and maintained their dignities, hereditary and successive, to the present day."

On the occasion of this marriage of James Bethune and the heiress of Balfour, the arms of Bethune were quartered with those of Balfour, producing the device shown in the illustration, which has since distinguished that branch of the family from all others of the same name. The crest of the original Bethune arms was a peacock's head and wings; that of the Bethunes, Barons of Balfour, an otter's head.

GENEALOGICAL CHART, CONTINUED FROM 1448 TO 1866.

Number of the
Generations.

- 15th. JAMES BETHUNE, third son of John Bethune,
Lord of Baye and Mareuil, married the
heiress of Balfour. King James conferred
on him the title of Baron of Balfour. Their
eldest son,

Number of the
Generations.

16th. JOHN BETHUNE, Baron of Balfour, married Katharine Sterling, daughter of Lord Keir. Their son,

17th. JOHN, married Margaret Boiswald. Their son,

18th. JOHN BETHUNE, married Elizabeth Money-penny, daughter to the Lord Money-penny of Kinkell; they had seven sons and five daughters. The eldest son,

19th. JOHN BETHUNE, married Christiana Stewart, daughter to Lord Rosyth. Their eldest son,

20th. JOHN BETHUNE, married Agnes Anstruther, daughter to Lord Anstruther. Their eldest son,

21st. { JOHN BETHUNE, married Elizabeth Pitcairn, daughter of Lord Forthor. They had no children, and the estate passed to his brother,
ROBERT BETHUNE, who married Agnes Trail, daughter to Lord Blebo; they had four sons and five daughters. Their eldest son,

22d. DAVID BETHUNE, married Margaret Wardlaw, daughter to Lord Torrie; they had five sons, the second of whom was Robert. His great-grandson David comes into the estate (1719) at the death of the last male issue of the eldest son John, as will be seen

Number of the
Generations.

Year.

hereafter. They had also three daughters.
Their eldest son,

23d. JOHN BETHUNE, married Katharine Haliberton,
daughter to Lord Pitcur; they had six sons
and two daughters. The eldest son,

24th. JAMES BETHUNE, married Anna Moncrieff,
daughter of Sir John Moncrieff and the
eldest daughter of David Bethune, sixth
Lord of Criech. Their son,

25th. DAVID BETHUNE, married Rachel Hope, daugh-
ter of Sir James Hope of Hopetown; they
had two sons and five daughters; the sec-
ond, Anne, married David Bethune, who
succeeded to the estate in 1719. The eldest
son of Rachel Hope was

26th. JAMES BETHUNE. He married Anna^b Hamilton,
daughter of General George Hamilton;
they had no children. This James Be- 1719
thune of Balfour died at Rheims, October
8, 1719. By his death the male issue of
John Bethune and Katharine Haliberton
was extinct, and the succession came to the
heirs of the second son of David Bethune
and Margaret Wardlaw, as follows:

22d. Robert Bethune, second son of David 1630
Bethune and Margaret Wardlaw, married
Marion Inglis, daughter of Thomas Inglis
of Atherney. He had two sons only, who
were married, namely, David and William.

Number of the Generations.		Year.
23d.	William, the younger brother, was an advocate in Craigfurdie. His son George Bethune came to Boston, Mass., and married	
24th.	Miss Carey; their son George married	
25th.	Mary Faneuil.	
23d.	David Bethune, the eldest son of Marion Inglis, married Anna Wardlaw; they had two sons only that lived to be men, namely, David and Henry.	
24th.	DAVID BETHUNE, son of Anna Wardlaw, succeeded to the estate at the death of James Bethune, who died at Rheims, 1719. He married Anna Bethune, daughter of David Bethune of Balfour and Rachel Hope: they had two daughters, but no son, and the succession came to his younger brother,	1719
24th.	HENRY BETHUNE, who married Isabel Maxwell; they had an only daughter, but no son; so that the succession came to George Bethune of Boston.	about 1730
24th.	Henry Bethune, unknown to his cousin and heir, George Bethune, petitioned the English Parliament to have the entail on the male heir set aside in favor of his daughter, her husband, Mr. Colgerton, taking the name of Colgerton Bethune. This	
25th.	petition was granted in favor of Mrs. Colgerton and her heirs male, but no further. so that her heirs failing, the heirs male of	1740

Number of the
Generations.

Year.

George Bethune will come into the estate.
It is worth more than \$100,000 per annum.

26th. COLGERTON BETHUNE of Balfour, *by special* 1754
act of the British Parliament, and to the
exclusion of the heir male, George Be-
thune of Boston, Mass.

Further of the family of Colgerton Bethune is not known.

For the descendants of George Bethune of Boston, see "Bethunes in America."

We have now given twenty-six generations of Bethunes, from Robert, first of the name (1011), to that George Bethune of Boston, Mass., who married Mary Amory. The record extends over more than eight hundred and forty years, which gives about thirty-two years to a generation. If we count back from Robert 1st, with whom we began, all is clear: he was great-grandson to Edward, Count of Artois, who (A.D. 870) married Gisela,¹ Princess of France, sister of Charles the Bald and granddaughter of Charlemagne. From the Counts of Artois and the Kings of France we can go back into the mists of tradition. Not one link is wanting to the present day, and their history is intertwined everywhere with the ruling families of the civilized world.

¹ About 1135 the King of France confirmed to William of Bethune the right to wear in his coat-of-arms the fleurs-de-lis of France, on account of his descent from Gisela, sister to Charles the Bald. See a full account of the ceremony of conferring this honor in Du Chesne's history.

In 1754 Henry Bethune (who had married a Maxwell) sent to his cousin, George Bethune of Boston (married to Mary Faneuil), a manuscript purporting to contain a genealogy and historic sketch of the Bethunes in Scotland. From that paper the following chapter is mainly composed. It has been compared with the French account, from which it has received considerable addition. The two accounts confirm each other.

BETHUNES OF BALFOUR, SCOTLAND.

Distinguished Individuals of the Family from 1448 to the present time.

The first in order, as a man of note, is David Bethune, second son of John Bethune and Margaret Boiswald. He was the first Lord of Criech. He was Controller of the Household, and afterward Treasurer of the Kingdom, to James IV. See Crawford's history of his life as Lord TREASURER. He was the founder of the family of Criech, which was very distinguished for two centuries; an account of them will be given in another place.

The third son of John Bethune and Margaret Boiswald was Robert, first Abbot of Cupar in Angus, and after of Melross. The fourth son of the same family was Andrew, Prior of St. Andrew's. The fifth was Archibald, who purchased the lands of Pitlochrie and Cape Dree, and one of whose sons settled in the Isle of Sky, where his descendants are still very numerous. *From this branch of the family was probably descended the late Rev. Dr. Bethune,¹ of New York.* The sixth son of John Bethune and Margaret Boiswald was James Bethune, Bishop of Glasgow and of St. Andrew's. He was Chancellor of the Kingdom under

¹ This was the conclusion that Dr. Bethune himself came to when discussing the subject with Mr. George Bethune in that gentleman's house, Tremont Street, Boston. He only knew that his family came from the *Isle of Sky*. Mr. George Bethune pointed out to him the branch of the family that settled there. They have always maintained themselves in affluence, and many of them have been, and still are, high in the church, but seem to have become disconnected with the rest of the family in Scotland, of which they are undoubtedly a highly respectable branch, and possess the quality of survival.—J. L. W.

James the Fourth, and after the death of his master was continued in office during the minority of James V. He was finally Primate of all Scotland. He died 1522. John Lesley, Esq., of Rosse, says of him that when he died he was as loaded with glory and honors as with years.

In the next generation we have an equally large and distinguished family, as follows: John Bethune, Baron of Balfour, married to Elizabeth Moneyppenny, daughter of Lord Moneyppenny; had seven sons and five daughters. The eldest son, John, succeeded to the estate and title of Balfour; the second son, James, was Lord Balfarge and father to James, Archbishop of Glasgow, as will be related in speaking of the next generation. The third son was

DAVID BETHUNE, Cardinal of St. Andrew's. His life forms an important part of the history of his country and of his church. He governed Scotland for eighteen years. He was a great and good man. See his "Life."

The parents of Cardinal Bethune, namely, John Bethune of Balfour and Elizabeth Moneyppenny, lie interred in Morkeuch Church, and their pictures are yet to be seen. The following inscription is on their tomb:

Hic jacet honorabilis vir Joannes Bethune of Balfour, cum Elizabeth Moneyppenny, quondam sponsa diti Joannes qui obiet ann. Dom. 1514.

JAMES BETHUNE, Bishop of Glasgow, we find in the next generation after the Cardinal, who was his uncle. James was son of James Bethune, Lord Balfarge, and Die Melling, and grandson of John Bethune and the daughter of Lord Moneyppenny. While yet a youth he was sent to France by his uncle, the Cardinal, to study in Paris. Before he was twenty the King, Francis I., sent him back to Scotland in charge of troops, to assist Marie of Lorraine, Queen Dowager and Regent of Scotland. By the Queen's favor he was made Counsellor of State; she also gave him the Archbishopric of Glasgow. Afterward she sent him

Ambassador to France, with Robert Reid, Esq., of Orchades; George Le-ley, Count of Rothés; Gilbert Kenned, Count of Casselles, and other Lords, to treat of the marriage of the Princess Mary Stuart, her daughter—the Queen of Scots—and the Dauphin, Francis of France, son of King Henry II.; which legation he acquitted so prudently that the nuptials were celebrated in Paris, 1558, with the entire approbation of the great men of both kingdoms.

Among the ladies who accompanied the Queen of Scots was Mary Bethune, niece to the Bishop of Glasgow.

James Bethune remained in Paris as Ambassador for the affairs of Scotland, near the Kings of France, during the reigns of Francis I., Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV., and that of Mary Queen of Scots, and of her son James, King of Scotland, England, and Ireland. “He conducted the affairs of his embassy with such singular discretion and ability as to secure praises from both governments, which is very rare with those employed in affairs of State.” So says the French historian, Andrew du Chesne.

When he had attained his eighty-sixth year he died at Paris, in the Commanderie de Saint Jean de Latran, April 25, 1603. He was buried in the church of the same name, and the following epitaph is on his tomb:

“Cy gist Reverend Pere en Dieu Messire Jacques de Bethune, Archevesque de Glasgo en Escosse; Abbé de Nostre Dame de l’Absie en Gastine pays de Poictou, Thresorier de Saint Hilaire le Grande de Poictiers, Prieur du Prieuré de Saint Pierre de Pontoise, Conseiller au Conseil d’Estat et Privé du Roy d’Escosse, et son Ambassadeur Ordinaire en France vers sa Maïeste Tres-Chrestienne. Lequel estant natif dudit pays d’Escosse, deceda a Paris en la Commanderie de Saint Jean de Latran le 25th jour d’April l’an de grace 1603, agé de 86 ans.”

DAVID BETHUNE OF CRIECH

AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

DAVID BETHUNE, second son of John Bethune and Margaret Boiswald, was Treasurer to King James IV. He married Janet Dudiston, daughter to the Laird of St. Ford, and purchased the lands of Crieich from the Lindells. He had three children—a son, John, who succeeded him, and two daughters.

His eldest daughter, Janet, was first married to Lewiston of Easter Weems, by whom she had two daughters, who were heiresses of Easter Weems. The eldest of these was married to Sir James Hamilton of Finnard. The second, Elizabeth, married to Ramsey of Balmain, and afterward to Ramsay of Dalhousie, and gave an heir to both families.

Janet Bethune, Lady Easter Weems, afterward married the Earl of Arran and bore him several children, the eldest of whom was Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, and Governor of Scotland; the second was Lord Claud. She had also three daughters, married.

David Bethune, first Laird of Crieich, lies in the Church of Morkench, under a large marble covered with a copper-plate, whereon is engraved :

"Hic jacit David Bethune de Crieich filius Joannis Bethune de Balfour, obit anno 1500."

His son John, second Laird of Crieich, married Janet Hay, daughter to the Provost of Dundee. It is said this Janet was exceedingly beautiful, and that young Crieich having fallen in love with her, under promise of marriage conveyed her away privately to St. Andrew's. He lodged her

in a house of that city, and went himself immediately to the Castle to the Archbishop, who was his uncle, told him what he had done, and desired that he might be married to the lady. The Bishop at first refused to marry them, because neither of them had their parents' consent : but being told that she desired to be married, he sent for her to the Castle, and seeing her extremely handsome, and they both being very urgent with him, he made no further scruple to marry them.

The Bishop then wrote letters both to his father and to her father, acquainting them with what he had done, and his motives for doing it. This lady's portion was six thousand marks, at that time a prodigious sum.

Janet Hay had two sons and four daughters ; she was herself one of the greatest beauties of her time, and her daughters were no less handsome. The eldest, Janet, was first married to the Laird of Craigmiller, and after to the Laird of Buccleuch—to whom she bore two daughters, namely, Janet, Lady Borthwick, and Dorothy, Lady Cranston.

The second daughter of Janet Hay, Grissell, was married to Sir Walter Scott, younger, of Buccleuch, to whom she bore a son, Walter Scott of Buccleuch, and daughters. After the death of Sir Walter Grissell married the Laird of Blackbaronie, and had by him three sons and one daughter, Elizabeth, who married James Bothwick and bore to him a daughter, who married the Earl of Haddington, by whom she had three daughters, the Lady Lindsay, the Lady Carnegie, and the Lady Ogilvie.¹

¹ When Cardinal Bethune was made an Abbot, he had been married to Marion Ogilvie more than ten years, and they had a large family. A daughter of theirs afterward married the son and heir of the Earl of Crawford. *The Pope granted him a dispensation*, and he never separated from his family. Descendants of his are now to be found in Scotland, and claim descent from the Bethune and Ogilvie marriage.

It was by the interest of Grissell Bethune with her cousin, the Cardinal, that Buccleuch was made one of the executors of King James V. It was soon after that the family of Buccleuch attained their great riches, and laid the foundation of their present grandeur.

To return to the sons of John Bethune and Janet Hay. The second son, David, succeeded to the estate, and went with Queen Mary to France when she married the Dauphin, and returned with that Princess. He was Master of the Household to the Queen, and Keeper of the Palace of Falkland.

He married a French lady, Eugenia Ranvile, and had two sons and six beautiful daughters: the first, Mary, so much celebrated by the famous Buchanan, who wrote anagrams in her praise. The others all married.

The eldest son of Eugenia Ranvile married the Lady Euphemia Leslie, daughter to the Earl of Rothes.

David Bethune, sixth Laird of Criech, married Euphemia Forbes. The eldest daughter of this marriage married Sir John Moncrieff, whose daughter, Anna Moncrieff, married James Bethune of Balfour.

The second son of Euphemia Forbes, David, who succeeded to the estate, married, first, Euphemia Graham, and afterward Margaret Cunningham, daughter to the Earl of Glencairn, but left no children, and disposed of his estate by will to James Bethune of Balfour, who had married his niece, Anna Moncrieff. Their further history has been given with that of the Bethunes of Balfour.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE BETHUNES.

It has been remarked that all families who for many generations have enjoyed the advantages of education and refinement acquire a strong family likeness. This has been particularly noticed among the English nobility, where they

have old family portraits that exactly resemble the present generation. Certain it is that the Bethunes have all looked astonishingly alike. The name is now almost extinct, and we may relate what they have been :

They were of medium height ; the men about five feet ten inches, and the women about five feet three or three and a half inches ; never more. Clear, florid complexion ; many of the women wonderfully fair, a certain fineness of texture in the skin very remarkable. They had dark brown, almost black hair, inclined to curl, rich and abundant ; clear, large, but not prominent hazel eyes ; profile delicately Roman, never aquiline ; some of the females have had the Grecian profile. Their limbs, feet, and hands might have been fine models for the sculptor ; their persons round, well developed, and beautifully proportioned ; all of them handsome, and scarce a generation passing without producing some individual wonderfully beautiful ; and that has been the case for a thousand years, as has been gathered from going through the copious history of the family, of which the foregoing pages form but a short compendium.

See André du Chesne's "History of the House of Bethune." It is a quarto volume of 400 pages, published in Paris, 1639, and dedicated to the Duke of Sully. The author writes himself "Historian to the King," and gives reference to public documents and church archives for the facts recorded.

LIFE OF CARDINAL BETHUNE.

COMPILED FROM LODGE, THE ENGLISH BIOGRAPHER, FROM
ANDRÉ DU CHESNE, THE FRENCH HISTORIAN, AND FROM
FAMILY RECORDS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE never was an historical character more unjustly treated than Cardinal Bethune has been. The biographers everywhere pass over his life with a few lines containing some of those coarse accusations that were hurled at him by his enemies more than three centuries ago. *There never was any truth in them*, yet they are repeated over and over again. It was a cruel age of the world, but Bethune was not responsible for its cruelty. That this injustice still follows his name seems the more surprising because Edmond Lodge, F.S.A., published in London, 1821, a "Life of Cardinal Bethune,"¹ that was clear and explicit, and showed a

¹ The following is the opening of Lodge's "Life of Bethune": "David Bethune, for his talents, for the loftiness of his spirit, for his complete monopoly of royal favor, and his unbounded power in the government both of Church and State, may be not unaptly called the Wolsey of Scotland; but he was not, like that great man, the child of obscurity, nor the builder, from the foundation, of his own fortunes. His family was even illustrious, for he was descended from the old French house of Bethune, connected by more than one marriage with the ancient Earls of Flanders, and celebrated for having produced, among other branches dignified with the same high rank, that of the ever memorable Maximilian, Duke of Sully."

great and good man doing his best to give peace to a country torn by two exasperated and contending parties. LODGE'S BIOGRAPHIES *are considered reliable works*. Yet the light he throws on Bethune's career has not penetrated to a single biographical dictionary !

Bethune was placed between two fanatical and highly excited factions, and suffered from both. The Church party pushed him forward to put down the disturbers of the peace, who were avowedly attempting revolution ; but *he positively refused to act alone*. He convened a council of the entire government of Church and State, and before this august court all trials took place. He saw that "*no one was persecuted for his religious belief*." Only those who had instigated the masses to crime and bloodshed were put on trial. There existed a very remarkable state of affairs : the so-called Reformers in Scotland in the fifteenth century were excited to violence by a few men, perfectly insane in their vehemence of exhortation, urging their hearers to a bloody revolution. Until these men were silenced the people, who at that time were very ignorant, could not be held sufficiently within bounds to secure the safety of the reigning family, and prevent the Catholics, who were the wealthy and educated, from being driven out of the country. On Bethune devolved the duty of keeping the peace. He did not seize the ignorant rustic taken red-handed for murder (had he done so the executions would have been innumerable), nor did he arrest the leaders of a mob burning a church ; but he sought out the individual who had exhorted them to do those things, and had him tried first, *making him answer* for the ignorant crowd he had set on to crime. By this means four executions in eighteen years restored tranquillity to the country.

As to the charge of cruelty brought against him, he virtually abolished the death penalty from the laws of Scotland. Lodge, the historian, says that during the eighteen

years that he was in power there were but six executions (four were for exhorting to bloodshed and two for other crimes); during the same time in England there were more than six thousand. A man had to be ingenious in crime to get himself condemned to death under his administration. To kill in anger or to plot treason would not make sure of it—it must be proved before the highest court in the land that the individual had exhorted crowded audiences to violence and bloodshed. Even then a chance was given him for life; he was told if he would give assurance that he would cease to be a preacher, *for which he had shown himself unfit*, his sentence should be commuted to a short imprisonment. But the insane fanatics *wanted to be martyrs*, and in a few instances they succeeded. It was a cruel age of the world; the laws applied savage punishments; but those laws were made before Bethune was born. That he refused to act alone, and convened an august court to try, judge, and sentence, did not prevent the whole weight of abuse being thrown on him; he was murdered before the world had found out that he could not have done more than he did when he threw the whole responsibility on the united wisdom of the nation.¹

In this "Life of the Cardinal" I have first shown who he was, and then tried to explain how it was that his brilliant intellect and commanding character caused him to be selected by Catholic Europe to counteract the growing power

¹ See Lodge's "Life of Cardinal Bethune," which I have followed closely except where it differed from "*family traditions*." Where our accounts vary is in regard to the *time when Bethune entered the Church*. Lodge says "he was educated for the Church." The fact is he was educated for a diplomat, and was resident minister near the Court of France, and had for ten years been living in Paris with his family, when the Pope made him an Abbot. Lodge himself confirms my account when he says that the Pope, when he made him an Abbot in 1525, granted him dispensation for his past unclerical life. No dispensation would have been required if he had been "*educated for the Church*."

of Henry VIII. and stand between the infant Mary Queen of Scots and her blood-stained uncle, who wished to marry her (while yet in her cradle) to his own son Edward. Her fate would have been very doubtful if once in Henry's hands, for she was all that stood between him and the throne of Scotland.

The following "*life*" is virtually only an abridgment of that by Lodge, and for the most part the appropriations are acknowledged by quotation signs. It is interwoven with family history, of which Lodge appears to know very little. The rest is translated from the French of André du Chesne. All I have done is to make one clear narrative from facts derived from these three different sources.

LIFE OF CARDINAL BETHUNE.

DAVID BETHUNE,¹ born 1494, was son of John Bethune of Balfour and Elizabeth Money penny, daughter of David Money penny of Pitmilly, in the County of Fife. He had an uncle, James Bethune, who was Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Primate of all Scotland. This uncle was very wealthy, and David was his adopted son and heir. He received an admirable education in the University of St. Andrew's, under the eye of his uncle, who afterward sent him to Paris, with the double view of completely qualifying him for the duties of a statesman and to introduce him advantageously to the Duke of Albany, who resided in Paris and was about to accept the office of Regent of Scotland during the minority of his great-nephew, James IV. The Duke received him graciously and at once employed him in several affairs at the Court of France, in which the interests of Scotland were involved; and upon the death of the resident minister in Paris, appointed him to that office. Some writers have fallen into the error of supposing that Bethune was educated for the cloister. Such a supposition was highly improbable; he was heir to his wealthy uncle, the Archbishop, and surrounded by powerful friends. The honors of the Church were conferred upon him in middle life, to give him power in Church and State to control completely

¹ The Bethunes, when in Scotland, were in the habit of writing their name *Beatoun*, in order that it might be pronounced with the French accent, while out of Scotland the same individuals wrote it *Bethune*. This usage has long since been dropped, and with it the fashion of pronouncing with the French accent.

the Government of Scotland. Any supposition that he was educated for the Church is entirely done away with by the fact that early in life he married a lady of noble family, Marion Ogilvie,¹ and one of the last acts of his life was to give a princely entertainment on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter to the son and heir of the Earl of Crawford. It was a period of great and pressing exigency; the Church had need of the best talent the world could afford to head the French party, which was also the Church party in Scotland. Bethune was exactly the man for the position, and the circumstance that he was married was not allowed to interfere with his usefulness. The Pope could grant dispensation for his being married, as the historian relates that he certainly did in respect to his appointment to the rich and mitred Abbey of Aberbrothock, in Scotland. "*The Pope granted him dispensation, waiving the forms of acceptance required by the Church.*"²

In 1525 Bethune, after a residence of ten years in Paris, returned to Scotland and took his seat in Parliament. He had not been many weeks in the country when he was appointed one of the six members of that body to whom the charge of the King's person and education was committed. Younger, more polished and cultivated than his colleagues, it is not strange that James should have selected him from them as his companion and confidant. As the mind of the King advanced to maturity, to these lighter impressions was added the weight of Bethune's splendid abilities, and

¹ Descendants of the Cardinal are still living in Scotland and are very proud of their ancestry, both Bethunes and Ogilvies, and know perfectly well the circumstances that Bethune was a married man, past thirty-two years of age, when the Pope made him first an Abbot and then a Cardinal, to give him power, both in Church and State, to govern Scotland. "The Pope granted him dispensation for his unclerical life." He was married before he left Scotland. His children were all born in Paris, where he was resident minister from Scotland.

² Quoted from Lodge.

motives of policy soon after intervened on either side to consummate the ascendancy which he at length gained. In the meantime Angus, who had governed not only the realm, but the King, with a control too sharp and haughty to be lasting, was overthrown. Ultimately Bethune was placed in the office of "LORD PRIVY SEAL," that appointment which, under the Scottish monarchy, actually invested him with unlimited power. From that date (1528) he undoubtedly was the King's chief minister and favorite. He now pressed for a special legatine commission, but the Pope answered that the primacy annexed to his see constituted him what, in the language of the Church, was termed "Legatus natus" and invested him with sufficient authority. James, who had at first seconded his suit for that distinction, seems to have desisted at the request of Henry VIII., who now considered Bethune a formidable adversary and had dispatched to Scotland Sir Ralph Sadler, a minister of great acuteness, for the sole purpose of effecting his ruin; and James, though he refused with a laudable firmness to listen to insinuations against a favorite servant, which were not only malicious, but unfounded, perhaps yet deemed it prudent to concede in this single instance to the angry feelings of his uncle. A most exact and very curious recital of Sadler's conversations with James on the subject of his mission, highly creditable as well to the heart as to the understanding of the Prince, may be found in a letter of great length from the ambassador to his master, in the publication of "Sadler's State Papers."

As regards the disturbances in Scotland at that time, where the Reformers had become violent, Bethune seems to have determined to prove the degree of that power to repress them which the Pope had decided to be sufficient. But instead of acting alone on any authority that the Pope had conferred upon him, he threw the whole responsibility on the assembled magnates of the country.

In the spring of 1540 he went to St. Andrew's with a pomp and splendor which had never before been used by any Primate of Scotland, attended by a numerous train of the first nobility and gentry, by the Archbishop of Glasgow, Lord Chancellor, many other prelates, and nearly the whole body of the clergy; evidently intending that the responsibility of what was there done should be shared by all. Having arrived, he convened them in a sort of general ecclesiastical council in the Cathedral. He then represented to them the imminent perils which threatened the Church and the great danger that menaced the Government: churches were being demolished and armed mobs were spreading ruin broadcast. He laid before them the measures he had devised, and his suggestions were received with unanimous approbation. Thus supported, the Cardinal proceeded to arrest those who had been active in urging on the populace to violence and bloodshed, and very naturally drew upon himself, from the so-called Reformers, the odium of a persecutor. "But those who will take the trouble to disentangle the truth from the jarring and obscure historical accounts of that time, will find it to have been unjustly cast upon him." I am quoting from Lodge's "Life of Bethune." He further says: "The most romantic tales have been told of his furious severity. Buchanan, who was himself imprisoned for alleged treason, tells absurd stories to show the enormous cruelty of his natural disposition; but the stories are in no way supported by any other writer of that time." "The best apology for Bethune's memory with respect to such charges is in the historical fact, that only four persons suffered death during his long government of the Church of Scotland; *he never persecuted for opinion's sake.*"

A glance at English history at the time Bethune was at the head of the Government in Scotland will show a contrast very much to his credit. During those eighteen years in England executions occurred by the thousands; one day

it was a Catholic, the next it was a Protestant, who was burned at the stake; and the number of nobles beheaded yearly forms a roll that it is sickening to contemplate. At the same time, under Bethune's rule in Scotland, no crime was severely punished except exhorting a mob to commit arson and murder.

There was positively no persecution for opinion's sake. All that was required was to keep the peace and not stir up the people to revolution. It is only after realizing the existing state of society at that day that we can justly estimate the character that upheld the dynasty and protected the established Church without unnecessary severity. Reformation at that time only meant *pulling down and destroying*: it was before the era of a reasonable reformed Church; it was twenty-three years before the reign of Elizabeth. *There was no reformed Church to persecute.* It certainly is a misnomer to call men reformers who were trying to raise mobs armed with knife and firebrand to drive quiet Catholic gentlemen out of the country. Were the same sort of men to appear now *we should not call them "reformers."* Three hundred years ago Bethune (in the emergency) convened a high court and had the offenders brought to trial; when they were condemned he saw that they were executed. Four men only suffered the death penalty in the eighteen years he was in power. All disorders were arrested; none but the instigators to violence were punished. It does not seem as though he could have done any better than he did.

As far as we may judge from his public speeches yet extant, his own religious ideas were very liberal: his theme was usually the paramount duty of preserving a strict morality; no religious observances would dispense with strict moral deportment; God and man demanded thus much from every human being; after that each was at liberty to entertain such opinions as his conscience dictated. This and the like were the sentiments that ran through all he said. His

denunciations were against those who, under the guise of *preachers of religion*, exhorted crowds to commit atrocious crimes. He had such persons sought out, arrested, and tried by an august court, and when convicted and sentenced, he saw to it that they were executed; four such executions restored peace to the country. He constantly reiterated that every man might entertain such religious opinions as he preferred: *no man should be persecuted for his belief*. More liberality could not be asked in any age of the world!

In the meantime the influence of Bethune over the mind of the King his master was unbounded: in all political as well as religious matters James obeyed him with the subserviency of a pupil. This influence subsisted to the last day of the Prince's life. A few hours before his death, Bethune induced him to sign a will¹ nominating himself and the Earls of Argyll, Huntly, and Arran a council of regency to govern the country in the name of the infant Mary.

For the short remainder of Bethune's life he swayed the will of the regent with a power even more unlimited than that to which the late King had yielded. He demanded from the regent to solicit for him at Rome the appointment of *Legate à Latere*. The request was made, and seems to have been granted without hesitation, and he was raised to that superb ecclesiastical station on January 13, 1543. He commenced without delay the exercise of the extensive faculties with which it invested him, and held a solemn visitation to his own diocese, attended by the regent and others of the highest public functionaries in the realm, to inquire into the state of affairs. He endeavored to reclaim

¹ The validity of this instrument, which had been solemnly proclaimed in Edinburgh, was presently questioned by the English faction, and soon after annulled, on the coarse and ready pretence that it had been forged by the Cardinal. No steps were taken to prove this charge, and indeed it seems to have been a mere invention to apologize for depriving him of power.

the moderate by arguments and proceeded with severity against a few self-devoted zealots, whose furious demeanor had left him no choice but to abandon them or his Church to inevitable destruction. "*He punished not for espousing the doctrines of the Reformation, but for having insulted by the grossest indecencies the established worship of the land*" (Quoted from Lodge). On his return he convened an assembly of the clergy at Edinburgh, which he opened with a speech of distinguished impartiality.

"Christianity," he said, "labored under the greatest peril, for which he knew of but two remedies, each of which he had resolved to administer: the one a vigorous prosecution of all who would destroy the established order of things, and the other a reformation of the scandalous and immoral lives of the Catholic clergy, which had furnished an ample pretext for separation."¹

Bethune was universally envied for his greatness, constantly opposed by a powerful party in the State and by another not less formidable in the Church. The great man was destined to fall by the hands of assassins actuated by motives of anger for private causes.

"On May 29, 1546, five gentlemen, Norman Lesley, eldest son, and John Lesley, brother to the Earl of Rothes: Wm. Kirkaldy of Grange, Peter Carmichael of Fife, and James Melville, having previously concerted their plan with great circumspection, entered the Castle of St. Andrew's early in the morning, with very few followers. Having secured the porter, by whom, as he knew all of them, they had been readily admitted within the walls, they appointed four of their company to watch the chamber where the Cardinal lay, that no advertisement should go unto him, and then went to the several chambers where the servants lay asleep, and calling them by their names, for they were all known

¹ Quoted from Lodge.

unto them, put fifty of his ordinary servants besides the workmen, masons, and wrights, who were reckoned above an hundred (for he was fortifying the Castle), to the gate, permitting none to stay within but the Governor's eldest son, whom they thought best to detain upon all adventures. This was performed with so little noise as the Cardinal did not hear till they knocked at his chamber. Then he asked who was there? John Lesley answered, My name is Lesley. Which Lesley? said the Cardinal; is that Norman? It was answered that he must open to those that were there. The answer gave him notice that they were no friends; therefore, making the door fast, he refused to open. They called to bring fire; whilst it was in fetching he began to commune with them, and after some speeches, upon their promise to use no violence, he opened the door, but they rushing in with swords drawn did most inhumanly kill him, he not making any resistance."¹

"Thus fell perhaps the greatest man in every point of consideration that his country ever produced. In the story of one of whom so much had been told, and that too by his enemies, it is at all events unlikely that any just dispraise should have been omitted."²

Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have been so fond of the Cardinal that after her own father's death she called him her adopted father. She had a likeness of him painted and hung in her private apartment in the palace of Holy Rood, and there it hangs at the present day, yet four centuries have rolled past since the violent deaths of both Cardinal and Queen. It seems time that calumnies and false accusations should be put aside, and we should be allowed to look back on them as they were in real life; the beautiful child Queen and her faithful guide and protector.

At the time when the Pope, the King of France, and the

¹ Quoted from Spotswood.

² Quoted from Lodge.

Emperor of Germany saw the necessity of placing Bethune at the head of the Government in Scotland, he had been ten years in Paris and was resident minister from Scotland near the Court of France; certainly more pleasantly situated than he could be at the turbulent Scottish court, trying to prevent revolution and making strenuous efforts to reform the lives of the clergy of that day. The honors the Pope conferred on him at that time were to strengthen his hands to act as a reformer and give him unlimited power in Church and State. In his address to the clergy at Edinburgh he says he has two objects, the "one to punish all who would overthrow the established order of things; the other to reform the abuses in the Church and correct the scandalous lives of the clergy."

Bethune was enlightened and refined, the worthy son of noble philanthropic ancestors who had for centuries been heaping benefits on their fellow-men. Let us deal justly with his character: he governed Scotland for nearly eighteen years; it was a time unsurpassed for dangerous complications; every element of society was in a ferment, yet so admirable were the foreign relations, and with so firm a hand was every department of the home Government sustained, that had he not been murdered successful disorders could not have gained headway. The most blinded by prejudice could see that the object of his life was to uphold the dynasty to which he was pledged, and rule justly the country over which he was placed. Scotland was misgoverned and impoverished from the time of his death till the final union with England, under the son of Mary Queen of Scots, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England.

BETHUNES IN AMERICA.

ABOUT the year 1724, George Bethune, son of William Bethune of Creigfurdie, Scotland, and grandson of Robert Bethune of Balfour, came to Boston, Mass., and established himself in business as a banker. He married Miss Carey; they had two sons, Nathaniel and George, and one daughter, Jane. Nathaniel died unmarried; George (1754) married Mary Faneuil, daughter of Benjamin Faneuil and niece to Peter Faneuil.

JANE BETHUNE, the daughter of George Bethune and Miss Carey, married a Mr. Prince.

DESCENDANTS OF
GEORGE BETHUNE (*who married Mary Faneuil*,
and of his sister,
JANE BETHUNE (*Mrs. Prince*).

The four daughters of George Bethune and Mary Faneuil who left descendants were Mary (Mrs. Mitchell, Susan Mrs. Dunkin), Penelope (Mrs. English), and Jane (Mrs. Hunt). Only one son, George, left descendants.

From these four daughters of George Bethune and Mary Faneuil, and from Jane Bethune (Mrs. Prince, whose daughter married Rev. Chandler Robbins, there are now all through the country descendants of the Bethunes under such names as Adams, English, Jones, and Willard, in Boston; Gilman, Robbins, Stein, and Weiss, in New York; Makepeace, in Baltimore; and Alston, Dunkin, Huger, and

Hunt, in Charleston, S. C. George Amory Bethune, M.D., of Boston, son of George Bethune and Mary Amory, and grandson of George Bethune and Mary Faneuil, is the only one left of this branch of the family who bears the name of Bethune (1883); he is of the twenty-seventh generation from Robert 1st of Bethune.¹

It is not possible for me to give all the names borne by those who are descendants of the Bethunes, and their number is fast increasing. It is often given as a first name, as *Bethune* Dunkin, *Bethune* Stein, *Bethune* Jones, etc. To girls it is given as a middle name, as Ann *Bethune* Dunkin, Elizabeth *Bethune* Gilman, Eugenia *Bethune* Weisse, etc.

It is a name any one may be pleased to claim consanguinity with by giving it to a child.

RÉSUMÉ.

The history of the Bethunes has been thus carefully preserved because of the many illustrious persons the race has produced. There is probably no other name or family from whom has sprung so many distinguished men and brilliant and beautiful women as from the Bethunes.

Further, they have given so liberally to the Church that André du Chesne (the French historian) found in the Church

¹ About the year 1830 Mr. John Lowell, of Boston, induced George Bethune, son of George Bethune and Mary Faneuil, to collect all the necessary evidences of his birth and of the marriage of his parents. These evidences consisted of the family Bibles, extracts from church registers, and a letter from Henry Bethune to his cousin George, on the occasion of the marriage of George Bethune with Mary Faneuil. This letter was dated 1754. In it Henry Bethune of Balfour tells his cousin that he "must remember that after the children of Mrs. Colgerton Bethune, he, George, is his heir." All these papers must be now in the hands of the executors of Jeffries, the Scottish lawyer, to whom they were sent. The answer from Edinburgh was that "George Bethune would be entitled to the estate at the death of the male heirs of Mrs. Colgerton Bethune," and that "the estate was worth \$100,000 per annum."

archives a minute account of every event of importance that had occurred in the Bethune family for a *thousand years*! Every birth, marriage, and death was recorded, together with every other incident of note connected with their history. The result is that the accuracy of the narrative is unexampled; no other family can show anything like it.

Maximilian Bethune, Duke of Sully,¹ ruled France with consummate wisdom through an entire reign.

David Bethune, the Cardinal, was head of the Government in Scotland for eighteen years, virtually elected to that office by the voice of united Europe. A Bethune was resident minister in Paris from Scotland during the reigns of three kings. Another of the family headed the escort of Mary, Queen of Scots, when she went to France to wed the King's son, staid with her while she remained in France, and when she returned a widow to Scotland, continued the head of her establishment as "*master of the household*." His uncle, James Bethune, was (A.D. 1560) Primate of all Scotland.

The French historian, André du Chesne, states that at one time "there was not a reigning family in Europe who had not the blood of the Bethunes in their veins." The beautiful Duchess of Bedford was a Bethune, and a daughter of hers by her last marriage with Richard, Lord Woodville, became Queen of England as wife to Edward IV.

Wherever they were prominent in history it was their wonderful beauty that was remarked upon, joined to brilliant mental powers.

In Europe the race is fast becoming extinct; in France there are still individuals of the name—men of fine character clinging to the remnants of their large estates and educating their sons for professions. Fanenil D. Weiss-

¹ We do not give a life of the Duke of Sully, because it is to be found elsewhere. We merely name him and state his place in the family.

M.D. (himself a Bethune by descent through his mother), met one of them in Paris (in 1873), a medical student, and had with him a very interesting conversation on the fortunes of the family. The young French M.D. expressed much interest in the American branch, and had the whole of their family history read to him in French. He said that where it touched the French record he could verify its correctness. He seemed particularly struck with the resemblance between family likenesses Dr. Weisse had with him, and some that were then hanging on the walls of his father's house in the country; he said they were so alike they might have been taken for the same person. The portraits to which he referred were a miniature of the late George Bethune, and one of his sister, Mrs. Jane Bethune Hunt.

In Scotland the name has either gone out, or it is held by persons who do not know exactly how they came by it. Bethunes are often met with in this country and in Canada. They are from the western isles of Scotland, undoubtedly descended from Archibald Bethune,¹ who settled in that

¹ Archibald Bethune was son of John Bethune and Margaret Boiswald, and uncle to Cardinal Bethune. About A.D. 1450 a son of his went to the western isles of Scotland, where he greatly prospered. Their descendants are now of the Episcopal Church, and are scholars and gentlemen. *They continue the name*, which has gone out in the American branch, whose ancestor settled in Boston in 1724. The latter are from the elder brother of Archibald Bethune, as is set forth in the foregoing history. Unfortunately the name has become extinct with them, the race being continued only through females, yet they are very numerous and connected everywhere with the best families. They do not forget that they are Bethunes in blood, though under other names. The characteristics of the race are distinctly seen among them; the children now growing up look like some old pictures still in the family, and are very bright. They certainly are from a race whose history is phenomenal. Their future will be a subject of interest.

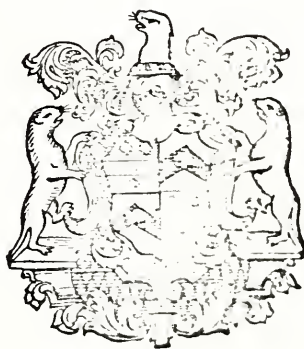
It has been remarked that where a descendant of some old historic family intermarries with an individual of a less distinguished race, the superior traits that have elevated the older family usually predominate in the children of the intermarriage.

part of Scotland, and whose descendants became numerous and prosperous; wherever they are met with they are people of good standing. The late Rev. Dr. Bethune of New York was from that branch of the family.

The Bethunes seem always to have possessed the unique power of holding themselves up to the highest grade of society.

Their inheritance of strong intellect joined to fine physical development has hitherto enabled them to surmount the common misfortunes of life.¹ They have done a world of good all down the ages; always wise and acting for the best interests of mankind.

¹ There are occasionally found persons from Scotland calling themselves Bethune *who are not Bethunes in blood*, but come from the peasantry on the estates of the family in the old country, where it is the custom for such persons to take the name of the family they live under. Their appearance and characteristics show them to be Scotch peasantry; they look and are very different from the true Bethunes, who have always been, and still continue to be, educated people.



BETHUNE OF BALFOUR.

THE FANEUIL FAMILY.

THE Faneuils were Huguenot refugees from La Rochelle, France. They brought with them to America considerable wealth in money and jewels.

The tradition is that in France they were what the French call "*rentier*;" that is, they lived on the income of their estates. From their coat of arms we should judge they dated back to the Crusades. The crossed palm branches can have no other meaning.

There is a paper extant in the French language and written by Benjamin Faneuil, Sr. It is a family record, in which he states that in 1699 he married Ann Bureau; then follows in 1701 the birth of Peter Faneuil; in 1702 the birth of Benjamin Faneuil, Jr.; afterward the births of three daughters.¹

They first settled at New Rochelle, near New York. In 1699 Benjamin Faneuil was given the freedom of the city of New York. In Valentine's "History of New York," p. 219, we read in a list of the principal merchants of the city the name of Benjamin Faneuil, the third in the list. In the same work, among the inhabitants in 1703 we find Mr. Faneuil, wife and three children. This must have been the same Benjamin. The brother of Benjamin (Andrew Faneuil) settled in Boston and made a colossal fortune as a merchant. He visited Holland, and there married a very

¹ This paper was left by Benjamin Faneuil, Jr., and is now in possession of his great-grandson, George A. Bethune, M.D., Boston.

beautiful lady ; their portraits, by Sir Peter Lely, were owned by their descendant, Mrs. Jane Bethune Hunt, and for nearly half a century they hung in the hall of her house in Watertown, Mass. They were burned in 1882 while stored in New York. Andrew Faneuil had no children that lived to maturity. He adopted the two sons of his brother Benjamin of New York—Peter, born 1700, and Benjamin, born 1701. Benjamin Faneuil, Jr., of Boston, married the daughter of Dr. John Cutler, a native of Germany, where his family were known as scientific and learned men. Mr. Cutler was a man very distinguished for learning. His daughter was highly educated by an English tutor ; her portrait, painted by Blackburn, showed her very beautiful—high Roman nose, perfectly regular features, and fine dark eyes ; this picture was also burned while stored in New York, 1882. Andrew Faneuil was offended that his nephew married, and left the greater part of his fortune to Peter Faneuil. To his nieces, daughters of Benjamin Faneuil, Sr., of New York, he left \$200,000 each, on condition that they should never ask anything further from his estate. So that when Peter Faneuil died without a will, five years after his uncle Andrew, his brother Benjamin was declared his sole heir, on account of this clause in Andrew's will prohibiting the sisters from demanding anything beyond their first legacy.

Benjamin Faneuil, Sr., lies on the north side of Trinity Church, in the lower part of Broadway, New York City ; the grave-stone is in good preservation. The record of the christening of his children can be seen in the archives of the old French church of New York. His brother Andrew lived in a splendid house in Boston, at the corner of Somerset and Beacon Streets ; the house was after his death owned and occupied by Mr. Gardener Green. From that house in Boston he was buried, having a most imposing funeral. See an account of the same in "The Memorial

History of Boston," recently published. His tomb is in the graveyard at the south side of the Common. The Faneuil arms is engraved on the face of the structure, but some one (unknown to the family) has engraved under it "*Peter Funnel*." The Americans could not give the name the true French accent, and habitually called it "*Funnel*," which the family struggled against in vain until quite recently.

Benjamin Faneuil and Mary Cutler had three children, two sons (neither of whom left descendants) and one daughter. He lived at one time at the corner of Washington and Summer Streets, Boston, and later in Brighton, a few miles west of the city. He was eighty-four years old when he died. For twenty years before his death he was stone blind, from cataract over the eyes. He was an admirable character, greatly beloved by his numerous grandchildren, who did their best to amuse him by reading to him and telling him the news. The street where he lived in Brighton has been named Faneuil Street out of respect to his memory.

Peter Faneuil possessed the estate only about five years; during that time he lived in sumptuous style at the corner of Somerset and Beacon Streets, in the house that Andrew Faneuil built. He gave in charity in the most lavish abundance. Faneuil Hall was but one of his gifts to the city. Every charity of that day has his name down for a large sum. To Trinity Church he gave a handsome amount to support the families of the deceased clergy of that church. It became so large a sum that it has been divided between Trinity Church and what is called King's or Stone Chapel, and has done a great deal of good.

An assistant minister in Trinity Church, Rev. Mr. Cutler (son of Rev. Timothy Cutler), died young and left a widow and infant daughter unprovided for. Andrew Faneuil gave the widow an income while she lived, and at her death attended her funeral, and after it was over called at the house and took the child and its nurse to his own house, taught

her to call him father, and his nephews (Peter and Benjamin) she called brothers. She was tenderly cared for by all of them, and married (while quite young) Captain Cochran, who commanded a ship owned by Andrew Faneuil. Her descendants are yet numerous and have always been regarded as kindred by the Faneuils. Probably this case (of a clergyman of the Church wanting a provision for his family) caused Peter Faneuil to provide against a similar case again occurring.

There is a fine portrait still extant of Peter Faneuil (it was given to the Antiquarian Society of Boston by his niece, Miss Jones, daughter of his sister, Mary Ann Faneuil); it is a better picture than the one in Faneuil Hall. There is also a good likeness extant of Rev. Timothy Cutler. Rev. Timothy Cutler was not the father of Mrs. Benjamin Faneuil; her father was Dr. John Cutler, a native of Germany. He was first called Cutler in America. The German name was not pronounceable in English and they changed it to Cutler. In Germany they were scientists and learned men. Dr. Bethune has a fine picture of his grandmother, Mary Faneuil (Mrs. George Bethune), by Blackburn, and one of his father, George Bethune, painted by Stuart. There is a good likeness of Mrs. Jane Bethune Hunt, copied from an original by Stuart; Mrs. E. B. Stein has the copy; the Stuart picture¹ is still in the family.

The eldest of these young men, Peter, went to Canada; the youngest, Benjamin, was engaged to be married to Miss

¹ The site where the original Faneuil mansion once stood at New Rochelle is now a corner lot where a grocery store is kept. A ring was found some twenty years ago by a butcher whose grandfather removed the dust from the Faneuil house to his own waste-pile; the ring was found in a cornfield; it had engraved on the inside the name of Andrew Faneuil. It was purchased from the butcher by Mrs. General Hawkins, a descendant of the Faneuils and Bethunes through her mother, Maria Bethune Hunt.

NOTE.—Mrs. Faneuil was *grand-daughter* to Dr. John Cutler; her parents had been,

Lloyd, eldest daughter of Dr. Lloyd, and sister to Hon. James Lloyd. They were very privately married, and when a vessel had just sailed for England they dropped down the harbor in a row-boat, under cloud of night, and quietly got on board the vessel (*that had been induced to lay to for them*) and went to England.¹ Faneuil's father gave his married son one-third of his estate in English funds. Miss Lloyd had no children. The couple lived in affluence in London, and were very friendly to all American refugees, of whom there were many at that time in England. They are spoken of by travellers who saw them in London. They are said to have been liberal in supplying the wants of those who were in need among the refugees. When they died they left back to the family the property they had received when they went to England. They were never after spoken of in Boston either by the Lloyds or Faneuils, and their memory died out entirely. The family often wondered why the Lloyds and Faneuils considered themselves related, but those few who knew *all about it* never spoke. Peter, who went to Canada, ultimately died at his sister's in Brighton; he did not marry—was an invalid all his life.

Benjamin Faneuil (the younger) lived a very happy life in London with Miss Lloyd. They were entirely apart from politics, and had around them a circle of refugees from the colonies, to whom they had the means of being very useful.

¹ See Boston papers of that date as to how and why they went. Those papers are full of conjectures and details.

THE FANEUILS.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THEIR HISTORY.

DURING the war of the revolution, or rather just before the outbreak of hostilities, when the people were greatly excited, the two sons of Benjamin Faneuil of Boston (nephews of Peter Faneuil) found that their safety obliged them to leave the country.

The opinions the young Faneuils held should not have excited the populace to violence. They were perfectly agreed that the colonies must soon have an independent government, but they counselled prudence till the country was *prepared for action and strong enough for successful resistance*; all this gave an impression that they were unpatriotic, and the angry people called them *Tories*.

Society just at that time was in a ferment. When it was found that the young Faneuils had left the country, a mob went to Faneuil Hall and *destroyed Peter Faneuil's picture!* He at least was one of the best friends they ever had! but it was *unreasonable violence* that moved the masses who called themselves patriots.

The father of these young men had recently received from his brother's (Peter Faneuil's) estate something like \$300,000 in English funds. It was expedient that one of the family should go to London and settle there permanently to hold that large property. There was *no want of patriotism in any of them*, but they did not want to see the colonies involved in misery by *premature* outbreaks: they thought

there was no hurry for war, and were all of them entirely against mob violence and *tearing up Peter Faneuil's picture!* Their patriotism took a reasonable, practical form, looking to the best interests of all. Further, they had no angry feelings against the English; they had too recently been received and protected by them when their own country turned them out. They always spoke of the English as a *great nation*. They admired their liberality as to religious opinions, in which France was wanting.

When the English had possession of Boston, and Washington's headquarters were in Cambridge, Benj. Faneuil, Jr., the brother of Peter Faneuil, was living in Brighton. He was then more than eighty years old, and had been blind for many, many years; he never left his room except for an occasional drive in fine weather. His daughter Mary (Mrs. George Bethune), then a widow, kept his house.

One afternoon Washington and some of his officers were riding by. The cherry-trees in the garden, loaded with fruit, spread their branches over the road, and some of the gentlemen reached up and gathered of the tempting fruit. Mrs. Bethune saw them. She sent out her man-servant with "Mrs. Bethune's compliments to Gen. Washington and his friends; would they do her the favor to come in and eat some of the fruit?" They at once rode up to the door, dismounted, and came in. She received them as graciously as possible, and regretted she had no son to call upon them. She entertained them with fruit, wine, and cakes as she had at hand. When they left she invited them to dine with her on a day she named, expressing at the same time her political sentiments, which were very patriotic. Her invitation was accepted; every one knew MRS. BETHUNE—her good dinners were proverbial.

When the day came the guests arrived; she had invited a few others to meet them, and all went charmingly. The dinner was over, the dessert on the table, when the door was

flung wide and old Mr. Faneuil, leaning on the arm of his attendant, entered the apartment. All made room for him. He took his seat at the foot of the table, and told the guests he was very happy to find that they had visited his house. Would they fill their glasses and allow him to drink their health? After a time, when he had by listening found where Washington and Lee sat (the others he did not much regard), he turned toward Washington and said, "General Washington, I respect your character greatly; you act from patriotic motives; I have not a word to object to your course." But turning short on where Lee sat, "You, General Lee, are fighting with a rope round your neck," etc., etc., expressing very plainly that he looked on him as a traitor to king and country! The whole company arose from the table, and when they were taking leave General Washington said, "*What does this mean, Mrs. Bethune?*" "*Can you not see what it means?*" she asked; "my father has been blind and out of the world for twenty years, and he is now giving you the ideas in which he was educated. It is an accident that he found out there was company here; he never leaves his room. It was *I who invited you*, and my sentiments and those of my friends whom you see are very different from my father's. I beg your pardon for what has happened, and regret very much that this thing has occurred. I hope you and your friends *will forget it!*" Mrs. Bethune was a very intelligent and sensible person and was a patriotic American in her sentiments, and so taught her children as far as her influence went.

This General Lee so denounced was the one who had deserted from the English army, and the old man Faneuil could not refrain from telling him his opinion of such action *under any circumstances!*

NOTE.—There is a good deal of silver still in the family that has the Faneuil coat of arms on it. Dr. Bethune has the castors once used by Peter Faneuil. Another of the family has his coffee-pot. His pan li-

Lowl is in the Lovell family, given to them by Mrs. Ann Pethune Lovell, who married James Lovell, their father. A quantity of silver so engraved was stolen from Mrs. Bethune's house in Brighton, where a robbery was committed. The coffee-pot was found a week afterward in a field leading to the river, where the thieves dropped it in getting over a fence. It was estimated that \$3,600 worth was taken at that time. A man was afterward hanged for murder who confessed the robbery of the Brighton house. The thieves came up the river in a boat and took the silver to a vessel in the harbor. They were never detected.

DESCENDANTS OF THE FANEUILS.

The descendants of the Faneuils are very numerous. The name became extinct in this country when Benjamin Faneuil, Jr., son of Benjamin Faneuil of Rochelle, France, died, 1786. No son survived him; he had one daughter, Mary. This MARY FANEUIL married, 1754, George Bethune and had a very large family. For her children who had families, see "DESCENDANTS OF THE BETHUNES."

There are also descendants from Mary Ann Faneuil, a daughter of Benjamin Faneuil, Sr. She married Edward Jones. Her grandson, Edward I. Davenport, M.D., of Boston, was much respected.

As Faneuil has become extinct as a proper name the custom prevails of giving it as a first name. Judge Dunkin of South Carolina was called *Faneuil* Dunkin. *Faneuil* Hunt was the distinguished lawyer in Charleston, S. C. *Faneuil* Adams, M.D., is favorably known in Massachusetts. There is *Faneuil* Alston in Carolina, and there was a *Faneuil* Huger (he died young). Further, there are in New York *Faneuil* D. Weisse, M.D., his son, *Faneuil* Suydam Weisse, and his nephew, *Faneuil* Dunkin Stein.

It seems to be a fortunate name; it certainly rose to distinction when the two leading lawyers in Charleston, S. C., were *Faneuil* Hunt and *Faneuil* Dunkin. Some much-loved individuals of the name have passed away and left a very tender memory behind them. It will be a favorite name as long as the family exists.

THE REFUGEE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND TWO CENTURIES AGO.

CHAPTER I.

IN the time of Charles I. of England, when his affairs seemed almost hopeless, his kinsman, Prince Rupert, succeeded in assembling a fine army, and in making a successful stand at York. Cromwell laid siege to the place, which was stoutly defended by the King's party.

The strength of the defence lay in the artillery; great improvements had recently been made in this branch of the service: inventions had been brought into use, by which the great guns could be regulated to follow the movement of advancing columns, with a precision before unknown, and they had men instructed and trained in their duties under officers, who had devoted their lives and best talents to the subject, so that Cromwell found himself checked by weapons, that no valor could resist, and the like of which he could not at that time procure. He was obliged to raise the siege of York and fall back to Marston Moor. There on June 3. 1644, he was attacked by the flushed and victorious Royalists. In the fore part of the day the irresistible artillery had scattered his troops wherever they were massed, until a general rout was the result. The cavaliers eagerly pursued the fugitives, leaving the field deserted and the great guns standing alone and unprotected. Cromwell saw what they had done, and with his characteristic promptness collected a band of fugitives, and captured the entire train just as it

stood undefended on the deserted field, deserted by both parties, pursuers and pursued.

As the success of the Royalists had been due to their artillery, so with its capture all was lost. They never after made a successful stand, and Cromwell's future course was an uninterrupted triumph.

The chief of artillery in Prince Rupert's army was Colonel William Hunt. As the successful defence of York was due to the ability he had displayed, he was knighted on the field for meritorious conduct. He was at that time thirty-three years old. His father, the elder of three brothers, was strongly attached to the royal cause. The second brother, Enoch, was proprietor of the foundries at Tittenden; and there was a younger brother, Bartholomew, settled at Newport, R. I., where he had put up works, the remains of which are yet to be seen, and excite the speculation and wonder of all familiar with that location.

In politics there was a diversity of opinion among these brothers. We have seen that the eldest and his son were heartily loyal. The workmen at the foundry at Tittenden were mostly inclined to the insurgent party; and Enoch Hunt rather coincided with the sentiments expressed around him, while he still went on casting cannon for the King's forces. Affairs were at the turning-point, the men would not work much longer for a cause they did not favor. Bartholomew Hunt, of Newport, was an outspoken republican; perhaps that, too, was owing to his surroundings.

At Marston Moor, when Colonel Hunt found that there was nothing to be done but to try and secure his own personal safety, he pushed toward Tittenden; he knew that his uncle had (somewhere on the coast), a vessel loading for Newport, R. I.; his idea was to try and get on board of her. He well knew that in England there was no place of safety for him, mainly because he had been made too conspicuous. He was well mounted, but neither he nor

his horse were fresh ; for the remainder of the day, and all the long, long night, he went on as one who must press forward, whose only safety was in flight. About eleven o'clock the next day he came in sight of his uncle's house.

Enoch Hunt, of Tittenden, had two sons, Ephraim and Peter. Ephraim, the oldest, was about the same age as his cousin William. They had been educated together ; one tutor served for both. As children they had been inseparable. A description of one gave the characteristics of both ; tall, fair, blue-eyed, regular featured, they looked so much alike, that they were often mistaken for each other. As they grew into life, this likeness became less marked. Colonel Hunt became broad-shouldered and robust, while his cousin lost flesh and color, and became sickly in appearance. The close attachment between them never abated. For some months past Ephraim had been fast sinking in consumption. As his cousin came in sight of the house, he looked out for something, that might indicate the state of affairs in the family. He wanted to get some one, who could tell him what was going on there. At last he caught sight of a well-remembered carriage, moving slowly toward him. On the box he recognized John, the hostler ; in the carriage was his cousin, supported by pillows, and on the opposite seat his uncle. As they drew near, both parties gazed at each other in mutual dismay. Colonel Hunt had received a cut from a sabre on his right arm ; the blood had trickled to his fingers, and, when he raised his hand to his head, he had, without knowing it, crossed and lined his face with blood. He was famished ; his long hair was tossed by the rough exercise, and dabbled with gore. Ghastly pale from fatigue, he was ready to drop from his much-distressed horse. Both parties drew up. John, in staring consternation, exclaimed : " Good God ! Colonel, have you been killed ? " Neither his uncle nor his cousin did more than utter his name. His uncle sprang from the carriage, assisted

him to dismount, and said very tenderly: "William, my dear boy, get into the carriage;" then, to the servant: "John, take care of that horse; I will drive home."

In a very few words the Colonel related the total dispersion of the royal forces. Arrived at the house, the soldier began to feel stiff and show great prostration. As they assisted him to his room he fainted; he was lifted into a bed, and lay like a dead man. His uncle ordered the doors closed, and said he had died of wounds and fatigue. The fact was that, perceiving the full perils of the situation, he had conceived the idea of reporting him dead, and then smuggling him out of the country. When he had secured himself from observation, he, with his own hands, mixed a can of milk-punch. This administered slowly had an excellent effect. When the Colonel was a little revived, he helped him to undress, examined the cut on the arm, bandaged it carefully, and was glad to find that, though there were several other slight cuts, there was no wound to be regarded as serious. They then talked over the plan of escape from the country, and it was agreed that, after a night's rest, they would both start for the seaport, where the vessel lay, and at once sail for Newport. They believed that the Colonel would be sacrificed, if he remained, and that the whole family would be involved. Mr. Enoch Hunt remarked: "If I am out of sight for a time, they will be very glad to make friends of those I shall leave in charge of the Tittenden foundries. Every man here will declare for Cromwell to-morrow, and I don't know that I would prevent them if I could." The last clause of his remark he dropped in a reflective, thoughtful tone, as if resolved to make it, let his nephew take it as he would.

In the meantime Ephraim was in his own room and coughing fearfully; the shock and excitement had brought on another hemorrhage; the coughing passed into suffocation: the crisis had been somewhat hastened, that was all. They

had for some time been aware, that he could not survive the rupture of another blood-vessel. He had walked to his room, leaning on his sister's arm, and exceedingly alarmed at his cousin's desperate condition. He seated himself in his easy-chair preparatory to lying down. He was talking to his sister about his cousin, when the hemorrhage came on; his mother heard his cough and went to him. There was gasping for a few moments' duration, and the worn-out consumptive expired. No length of preparation could render such a death other than a terrible bereavement.

The arrival and apparent death of Colonel Hunt—the news he had brought of the recent battle, and total defeat of the royal forces, which had been hurriedly told, had caused the servants, usually about—to run out and tell their news and gossip about it. The family had a few moments alone, which they improved. Before night the news of the Colonel's death was spread abroad, and it was also made known, that the funeral would take place on the morrow. Mr. Ephraim was said to be so much better, that he was going to America with his father. The whole account excited no suspicion. John, the old hostler, had related with abundant exaggerations, how the Colonel was all cut to pieces; his face and head all gashed, his very boots full of blood, and his clothes soaked; and there was his horse! everybody could see the condition he was in!

A coffin was ordered bearing Colonel Hunt's name and title. The body laid therein was dressed in his clothes, and his hat and sword were laid on the top of it; John was busy grooming his horse, that he might be in condition to be led after to the grave; and all the while the living Colonel was in his Cousin Ephraim's room, dressed in his clothes and called by his name, and, strange as it may appear, it was a deception so cleverly executed, and so thoroughly carried out, that it was *never discovered*: yet it was all done on the spur of the moment, and without any preparation.

CHAPTER II.

It was the first thought of Mr. Enoch Hunt to report his nephew dead, and then get him privately out of the country. When unexpectedly called to see his own son expire, everything else was forgotten for the time. After the death, the Colonel, who had witnessed it, leaned over the side of the bed, covered his face and wept bitterly; then it was, that it occurred to the father to secure the safety of the living by substituting the one for the other. He lifted his son's emaciated remains and carried him across the entry to the spare-room, locked the door, and took the key in his own pocket; told William to remain, where he was and try to sleep, or at least to rest; whispered to his wife and daughter what it was necessary to do, and spoke of the danger, that menaced them. The whole plan was conceived and executed in the same moment. During the silent hours of the night he had ample time to prepare the remains for the grave. At all times he was a man of great resolution; on this occasion the necessity of going on with what he had commenced gave the nerve required. Mr. Enoch Hunt and his son Ephraim were to leave the house of mourning before the funeral. This surprised no one; it was a season of great public excitement; Cromwell was in the ascendant, while the unfortunate cavaliers were being hunted down, slain, or thrown into prison. To be in any way connected with malignants was to be in danger.

It was before sunrise, on the morning of June 5, 1644, that Enoch Hunt and his son Ephraim rode forth from Tittenden on their way to the sea-shore. Early as it was, they were seen by many. Yet there was very little chance of its being

detected, that he was the wounded Colonel Hunt, and not the veritable Ephraim. A man's old clothes get to look so strangely like him; the old cloak, hat, and shabby necktie misled everyone. It was not twenty-four hours before many reliable persons averred positively, that they had seen Master Ephraim with his father, and they were persons, who knew him perfectly well.

In the after part of the day the funeral took place; persons in the neighborhood flocked to see it; the closed coffin rather disappointed, but the led horse, and the sword and hat on the coffin greatly impressed everyone. No one doubted but that Colonel Sir William Hunt was no more. The body had been laid in the grave, the earth filled in and the last sod laid in order, when, like a whirlwind, the troops of Cromwell swept round the place; happily—very happily—the fraternity of feeling, expressed by the workmen, allayed, in a great measure, the savage mood, in which the party arrived. Cheers and shouts greeted them everywhere. The news of the Colonel's death was not believed; there were men there, who had seen him ride off unwounded from the battlefield; one, who had cut at him with a sabre, recognized on the flank of the horse a gash that he had made, which cut probably saved the rider's life, as it caused the animal to dart away with a will that defied pursuit.

Much to the discomfort of the afflicted family, every nook and corner was ransacked, particularly about the family residence. Appearances there were all readily accounted for. A story that Mr. Hunt and his son had gone to London sounded well. Nevertheless, before the military left they opened the grave. It was near nightfall before this was done. The soiled military dress concealed the emaciated form; several strips of plaster had been laid across the face; the hair was carefully combed in the fashion of the cavaliers; a napkin tied up the jaw, concealing its emaciation; the pro-

file was like that of the cavalier. The persons who disinterred the body were so disappointed at not finding the coffin empty, that, as soon as the body was found, investigation stopped short. By that time it was near night, and the friends of the family were left unmolested to readjust the grave. Suspicion for the time was at an end.

A little incident occurred, while they were looking down into the open grave, that was near betraying all. That individual trooper, who had refused to believe that Colonel Hunt was dead, as he in turn looked down into the grave, yelled out, "That's not him; where is his long curling hair?"

The chambermaid of the house was standing by, and answered: "I can show you his hair; it is all in a basin of bloody water up at the house."

"I don't believe you; I want to see it;" he called out, rudely.

"Come with me and I will show it to you," replied the girl, leading him in by a back gate to where stood her own neglected work, namely, a basin of bloody water and the long curls of the Colonel's hair, that his uncle had prudently cut off. Thus the only noisy disbeliever was silenced, and walked away quite crestfallen.

The girl had no suspicion but that the handsome young Colonel was laid in the grave. In fact, she had had plenty of time, in which to throw away the hair, but she could not bear to do so from a feeling of tenderness. She had loitered over it, and drawn out one of the long curls, and carefully folded it in a paper, and had it at that moment in her bosom. "The poor dear!" she had said, "I will hide a lock of his hair for his old father."

After it was found out that Enoch Hunt and his son had gone to America, suspicions were reawakened; warrants were sent out, arrests were made, but nothing could ever be discovered. Bartholomew Hunt, of Newport, was arrested;

but his marked friendliness to the rule of Cromwell was so well proved, so notorious, that all action against him was stayed by order of the Lord Protector himself.

In England, William Hunt, senior, was too old a man to excite persecution. A close watch was kept on the family for years, but suspicion gradually died out. Many of the workmen at Tittenden joined Cromwell's army; but little was done there afterward. The younger members of the family ultimately settled in Weymouth, Mass. Although Enoch Hunt, after going to America with his nephew, returned to England, and, in fact, died there, yet his object was to settle up his affairs and transmit funds to be invested to more profit in the colonies.

Let us now follow the Refugee. A man more utterly overthrown by political events could scarcely be found, and all had been so sudden, so unexpected.

But a few days had passed since the brilliant action before York, where the all-powerful artillery had swept opposition before it, and raised the commander to the very pinnacle of popularity, and now, cribbed in an unsightly hulk, where but small preparation had been made for passengers, he had for companion his afflicted and anxious uncle, and for contemplation a future so clouded, so very dark and lowering, that it needed no contrast to render it forbidding.

The voyage was tedious, and although it was the month of June, the winds were baffling, mostly from the west; the vessel, the crew, and the equipments were not of the best. It was the middle of August before they came in sight of Newport. When a pilot came on board, they were thoroughly surprised at being handed a note from Bartholomew Hunt, of Newport, advising them to go on board a fishing schooner bound round Cape Cod to Boston; informing them, as a reason, that agents of the government had arrived and were on the lookout for them. The fishing schooner lay near; it had been for many days waiting their arrival. They were

at once transferred to her deck, and soon found themselves sailing by the soft light of a summer moon out of the harbor of Newport, without having even gone on shore. They were in no mood to notice the scenery. They were very soon in the cabin of the vessel, and, by the help of a tallow candle, examining a bundle of papers given them by the pilot. They were all from Mr. Bartholomew Hunt, and showed that he was carefully attending to their interests. He had sent them extracts from letters received from England, giving a great many startling details; and there were letters of introduction to friends in Boston and Weymouth, and long notes of counsel as to the course they were to pursue on landing. They were strongly advised to put into Weymouth and keep very quiet for a time, until Bartholomew could render things safe for them, which he was very sure of doing shortly. They soon gathered from the writings that Mr. Hunt, of Newport, had no suspicion but that his nephew, Colonel Sir William Hunt, was dead and buried in England. He regretted that Ephraim, in his delicate state of health, should be exposed to a long sea voyage. "It is just as well that he should know nothing about it," remarked Mr. Enoch Hunt, adding, "it will save him from the sin of lying," at which William very gravely remarked: "I shall have a good deal of that on my conscience before all is over."

It was the evening of the fourth day from Newport, that they reached the wharf in Weymouth. The thoughtfulness of their relative had supplied them with some fresh provisions; yet they were sadly travel-worn. It was slowly and wearily, that they made their way up to the little tavern in the village. The saddlebags, with which they left Tittenden, were not heavy. They had hastily purchased some necessary clothing at the seaport, where they embarked, and they each wore a belt well stored with gold pieces, which even in that remote place, and in those early days, did wonders for them.

Very early on the morning after their arrival, our refugee was up and out, looking about him. The scene was rude and uncivilized : but there was a certain charm in its wildness and its newness ; he was thinking of its capabilities. The season was all in its favor : Massachusetts scenery is wonderfully improved by midsummer weather. His mind had become familiar with the idea that, for a long time to come, his native land was closed to him. The first shock of overthrow had spent itself, and he was schooling himself to make the best of the inevitable.

With his uncle, it was all very different. He had long thought of transferring his property and his family to the New World ; his brother, by his advice, was already established at Newport. A few years ago he was there himself for a short time ; but the pressure of business, growing out of the civil war, had detained him in England ; yet the idea of settling in America had never been abandoned, only postponed. He felt confident, that the increase in the value of American property would bring more profit than any business he might establish. A manufactory of arms was much wanted near Boston ; but that was only a secondary consideration, which would be an affair for his son Peter to look after.

Weymouth, at that day, was but a small place, of one main street, with a branch leading to the wharf ; add cart-ways turning off occasionally, and you have the whole plan of the place.

Among the letters, that the pilot of Newport had handed to Mr. Enoch Hunt from his brother, was one directed to "Thomas Richards, Esq., Weymouth." He put this in his pocket, when he left his room in the morning, and, as he stood at the tavern door, he asked the landlord if he knew such a person. "Know Mr. Thomas Richards ?" said the man ; "why, everybody here knows Squire Richards : that is what we call him. He has just finished about as handsome

a house as you ever saw. Just you step to the corner, and look up the road, and you will see it; you cannot miss it, it is a very sightly place." Mr. Hunt strolled to the corner, and looked up the road. It certainly would have been difficult to miss seeing the new house. It did deserve the name of *sightly*, if that meant easily seen. It was broad, low, and painted a deep red, relieved in the trimmings by yellow ochre. The stables and out-buildings were all of the same loud tints. It was the model house of that day; and anything more entirely new and inconceivably ugly could not well be imagined. The generation, that has just passed, remembered many of them standing in their young days. They were so strongly built, that it seemed as though they could not pass away. If they had been a little better looking some of them might have remained till the present time. They were the castles of that epoch and of that land.

Mr. Richards and his wife had been in the country for some years. Their only child, a daughter, named Anna, had been left in England, to be educated, and had joined them not a year ago. She had come out in charge of a certain Mrs. Betsey Dorcas, or Miss Dorcas, as the servants persisted in calling her. She had at first been Miss Anna's nurse, and was always her faithful attendant. An extremely useful person was Mrs. Dorcas. She knew exactly how to do everything, that could add to the comfort of a family, and was always busy. I don't think that she ever, for one moment, supposed that Mr. Richards could have raised his daughter, and kept his affairs generally in order, without her assistance. The item that he paid her a handsome salary she never alluded to. She always allowed it to be understood, that she was attached to the family, and never intended *to part with them*. "No, never! Miss Anna must bury her," she would sometimes say, when in a moralizing mood; but for the present, and for a long time to come, she was not likely to require that particular service

from any one. Her specialty had been as nurse ; but as Miss Anna had grown beyond her, and the whole family were remarkably healthy, she showed the versatility of her powers by turning her brilliant practical abilities to the making of good things for the table : she owned a little manuscript receipt-book in her own handwriting, and perfectly original in its orthography. Outwardly, the book bore traces of both butter and flour ; yet no one doubted the merits of the work, who had ever been so happy as to partake of any of the good things of her preparing.

News spreads rapidly in a little place like Weymouth ; before Mr. Richards went to bed on the night of Mr. Hunt's arrival, he knew, that there were two strange gentlemen at the tavern ; and as he left his room in the morning he said to his wife he thought he should bring home company to breakfast ; that he was going to the tavern, and would be in again at eight o'clock. Accordingly, he sallied forth to see for himself, who it was that had arrived ; and if they were fit persons to be introduced to his family, he intended to bring them home to breakfast with him. " Jones can't give a gentleman a decent meal," he said to himself, perhaps as an excuse for his curiosity to find out, who it was that had come so unexpectedly on the little world of Weymouth.

So it chanced that, in his brisk preoccupied outburst from his own door, Mr. Richards nearly ran over Mr. Hunt, who was standing contemplating the most remarkable building he thought he had ever seen—this "*very slightly*" new house. Mr. Richards at once accosted the new-comer with " Good morning, sir ; I heard that there were strangers at the tavern, and I came out to see, if I could be of any service ; my name is Richards, sir."

Mr. Hunt was a slow, ceremonious gentleman. He bowed politely, and handed the letter, with which he was armed. Mr. Richards looked at it, saw Mr. Hunt's name, shook hands most cordially, asked for his son, hurried this way and

that, till he found him, and ended by saying : " Now, gentlemen, you must come right up to my house." He brought his guests directly into the dining-room, where Molly, the colored girl, was setting the table for breakfast. She had spread the most beautiful linen, substantial silver was in abundance, blue china from India, cutlery as bright as the silver, and all nicely placed on the table. It was a round table of mahogany, chairs of the same wood, a Turkey carpet on the floor, the sideboard was well filled with glass and silver, all just as they had been used in England, from which they had brought everything only a few years ago. Almost immediately Mrs. Richards came down, was introduced, and welcomed them cordially. Very soon she invited them to breakfast. The first dishes set before them were broiled mackerel and stewed lobster.

" I hope you like fish," remarked the host ; " here it is so very abundant that it makes part of every meal. There is not a house in Weymouth this morning but there is a mackerel or a lobster, or both, for breakfast ; that is what the boat brought in to-day." With the fish was served the Indian dish, succotash : the new green corn, cut from the cob, mixed with shelled beans and a lump of fresh butter stirred among it while hot. It was all so good and so new and fresh to the travellers, that they enjoyed it highly. After the fish they brought on cold roast chicken, and those delicate breakfast cakes, which, in that part of the country, they persist to this day in calling flapjacks. Those then served were the nicest of their kind, prepared by Mrs. Dorcas, as the delicacy for the occasion. Our refugee began to console himself with the reflection, that certainly the comforts, and perhaps even the luxuries, of life might be found in the New World. A sip from a fine cup of coffee about fixed that floating impression as a positive fact. Yet he felt that, in crossing the ocean, the refined and brilliant society was all left behind, and his ambitious career as completely brought

to a close, as though he had indeed been laid in a grave in England, as the world in general supposed. He felt like a mourner at his own demise, and it was a sad task to begin to live in a new character, to play a new role. Depressed and spiritless, it seemed hardly possible for him to appear otherwise. Just then a shadow in the doorway caused him to raise his eyes, and before him stood Miss Anna, his host's daughter—tall, graceful, rosy, beautiful, faultlessly dressed, she paused, a vision of loveliness.

In an instant the gentleman sprang to his feet; he was presented; he held her chair while she seated herself, and took a chair beside her, helped her himself, paying her all those little deferential attentions, that the usages of society warranted, and which the circle he had just been torn from had called constantly into practice. He seemed changed on the instant, like a man awakened from a terrible dream, where he had been but a sleep-walker since that memorable 3d of June, when all his earthly hopes seemed blasted.

He was thoroughly awake now. The breakfast eaten, the most interesting conversation was going on. She had question upon question to ask. She had been a whole year from England, and had been very homesick. They soon found, that they had many acquaintances in common. She professed to be a "suppressed royalist" in her sentiments; all her very particular friends were on that side. He gave her news of many of them. The two elder gentlemen were perfectly engrossed with each other. Molly had removed even the tablecloth; breakfast was a thing of the past, yet they still sat around the table talking. At length Miss Anna rose and led the way to the garden, where things were not looking very smooth. In answer to some question as to what was being done here and there, Anna remarked: "I have but one plan of house and grounds, and that is the dear old homestead at grandpapa's, in England: but father will not let me have my own way." To the gentleman's

expression of surprise at this wonderful, almost impossible, state of affairs, she said: "There are so many things to be looked to here. We must always guard against Indians; they steal everything, that is not close in sight of the house, so the kitchen garden must be under our windows; then it will not do to have shrubs and bushes near, for fear they should hide in them. Do you think we shall ever be safe from these Indians? I am always expecting, that something dreadful will happen. Old Sterns says they are planning something now."

"Who is old Sterns?" the gentleman inquired.

"He is an old fellow, who goes much among them; they call him a medicine man. He helps them, when they are sick, and begs for them, when they are in want. They pretend to like him; but they are so deceitful."

While yet conversing Mr. Ephraim was called away by the other gentlemen to walk with them over the farm, and Miss Anna went in to her self-imposed task of giving little Ebbett her lesson.

Ebbett Brimsmead was the daughter of a friend and neighbor. She was a bright little girl about eleven years old. Since Miss Anna had come home she had attached herself to her with an admiring affection, that knew no bounds, in return for which Anna proposed giving her an education, a thing difficult to obtain just then. For nearly a year the lessons had been very regular, and great progress had been made. Mr. Brimsmead was one of the largest land-owners in the country. He had recently put up a house more than a mile from the village, so that Ebbett now passed most of her time at Mr. Richards', where she was much beloved. A creature so amiable, yet so sensible and practical, it was impossible not to love. From always living with persons older than herself, she never seemed childish, but a wise little person, frank and companionable with every one. Although her parents were possessed of ample means,

yet her costume was as simple as possible, usually a chintz frock, plainly made. Her brown curling hair was cut very short; and when abroad she wore a cape bonnet, pushed very far back, if not hanging on her shoulders. This neglect of the appearance of children was the usage in New England; to suppress all vanity in the young was the professed object; the effect often was to make a sensitive child quite miserable. It did not effect Ebbett unfavorably, for everybody loved her, and she felt it. There was nothing Puritanical or severe about Miss Anna's costume, and it seemed probable, that her example and influence would soon soften the rigors of Ebbett's lot. Notwithstanding eight years' difference in their ages, they loved each other, and were more of companions than would have been possible had they not both been so remarkably amiable and yielding in their disposition. Anna delighted in teaching little Ebbett, and Ebbett was never happy but when hovering about and admiring her accomplished friend.

The house, that Mr. Brimsmead had recently put up, was exactly like the one, that Mr. Richards had built. As I have now brought into notice two of these houses, I must try and describe them. There was a base from thirty to forty feet square and one story high; then a second story projecting over the first about eighteen inches or two feet. The object was to allow of openings in the floor of this projection for musketry to fire down on an attacking party. Over the second story came the roof, which was of the simplest form, with a small window in each gable. The building was made to face as nearly south as the site would allow, and on the north side long timbers were leaned against the eaves, and taking the same slope as the roof, extended to the ground, covering about as much space as the house itself. This singular-looking appendage was called the "leanatoo," so spelled as seen in old records now before me. The object to be obtained was warmth and strength. It was all

shingled as the roof and one with it, making a regular slope from the ground to the ridge-pole. In this "leanatoo" were bedrooms and store closets: small iron grated windows were in the ends. As though to intensify the inevitable ugliness of the whole, they always painted it the color of a red beet. Sometimes the shutter and trimmings were touched with yellow ochre. Under the house was a deep cellar ventilated by little grated windows in the foundations. In a full-sized house there were two stacks of chimneys, their foundations of massive stone-work. They stood in the centre of the building, and added wonderfully to its solidity; for in every room large timbers passed from the chimney to the outer frame, where they were clamped and braced in the strongest manner. They used the native cedar for these timbers, hard and durable. The whole was as a rock of resistance against storms and tempests, and an excellent fortress against attacks from Indians. In the deep, large cellars were stores, usually enough to last a year. Arches in the chimneys for groceries, barrels of cured meats, bins of vegetables; and in the autumn they would lay in oysters from New York or farther south, packing them one at a time with the hollow side up, covering each layer with sea-weed, over all more sea-weed, all kept moist with salt water, cool but not frozen, in a corner of the cellar. They would keep thus for months, and improve by keeping. Then they crowded the attics with trunks and boxes of linens, blankets, pieces of cotton and woollen goods, shoes, saddles, extra harness, fire-arms, ammunition—everything in short, that the necessities of a family could require was stored away somewhere in one of these homesteads, where our fathers raised those large families, that so soon peopled New England.

There was great benevolence practised in those good old times; if a poor neighbor was sick or in want, the matrons nearest went to the house, ascertained what was needed, and sent every comfort, even luxury, from their own more

abundant supplies. All these details are matter of tradition.

From this digression we will now return to our narrative. At dinner, which was served in the middle of the day, a plan was arranged for the whole party to ride to Mr. Brimsmead's early next morning. Mr. Enoch Hunt had concluded, from the favorable representations of Mr. Richards, to buy lands and put up a house in Weymouth. Mr. Brimsmead was owner of a site considered very desirable. They could look at the spot as they passed. Mr. Brimsmead had built farther from neighbors than was thought safe in 1644. The place deemed so desirable was the southerly slope of a hill, a pretty brook running through a meadow at its base—an open, sunny, yet sheltered spot, with fine woodland to the north and west. The land was all good, much of it deep and rich, all easily brought under cultivation. These facts of the case were all considered in the conversation at dinner.

During the afternoon Mr. Ephraim succeeded in finding and purchasing a fine young horse. Mr. Richards had told him, where such an animal as he was inquiring for could be found; but he did not think the owner would part with him at any price. There he was mistaken: a liberal offer in gold was accepted, but a saddle could not be purchased; he was obliged to hire, for the present, a very clumsy affair calculated to carry double. Toward night the horse was walked before the house for the ladies to look at him. Miss Anna observed, that although she had seen him before, she never knew how handsome he was, till she saw Mr. Hunt showing him off.

"He is a young creature, full of capabilities," his new master remarked.

"He is just the finest horse in this country," said Mr. Richards, enthusiastically.

That evening they sat in the best parlor, as the drawing-

room was called. It was not a large room—about 17×20 —and not more than ten feet high. It was lined with panel work, painted white; the furniture was new, having been brought over in the same vessel, in which their daughter had come home. The chairs were of heavy carved mahogany, upholstered with a dark shade of crimson morocco; the mirror, with broad mahogany frame embossed and ornamented with gold. An ample arm-chair stood on either side of the fire-place, and in a corner of the room a square-bottomed chair, with the back around two sides of it—a quaint form then just come into fashion. On the floor was a carpet, that did not cover the whole by a foot on every side. The floor exposed was of narrow oak boards. There were a pair of crooked-legged card tables, on one of which stood a couple of candles in silver candlesticks; a screen was placed in one corner, covered with a piece of needlework, representing a bunch of flowers on a white satin ground. They were wrought by Mrs. Richards herself; and if they did not look like flowers, they certainly did not look like anything else.

The next day, immediately after breakfast, the cavalcade formed, that was to ride about a mile beyond the village through the woods to Mr. Brimsmead's. The first mounted was Squire Richards; he had before him on the saddle a pair of horsemen's pistols, and slung at his side a gun; he wore a stout Roman sword or cutlass, a two-edged weapon of great power, either to cut down a foe or to remove troublesome underbrush. His new-found friend, Mr. Hunt, was accoutred in much the same way, having been furnished forth by Jones, the tavern-keeper. It was a little droll to observe this formal, slightly rotund old gentleman, trying to put on the air of a backwoodsman, a fearless adventurer; he did it pretty well, but his forte lay in a different direction.

Then came our refugee and Miss Anna, the latter mounted on her own English horse, with its handsome

housings, and she herself wearing the Amazon dress, in which English ladies of that day rode forth. The child, Ebbett, rode a rough-looking pony, provided for her especial use—small and gentle. There were some trifling delays in starting. The Colonel had neglected to take his pistols, and gave a little whiff of disdain, when cautioned to send to his room for them; and Tom, the colored boy, who was to go with them, was at the last moment tying on one of his stirrups with pack-thread. It was a quaint-looking group, very typical of Massachusetts as it was in 1644.

The morning was charmingly pleasant, the air fresh and agreeable. They walked their horses all about the site then known as the "Lower Plantation." Mr. Richards considered it an excellent piece of property—the very best spot he knew whereon to build a house. A long time was spent in looking at the brook, the fine growth of walnut and oak, the extent of the low meadow-land, all objects of great interest. This place was not a half-mile from home. It was more than a mile farther, and deep into the woods, before they neared Mr. Brimsmead's house. When they did so, little Ebbett pushed her pony before the others, but suddenly wheeled and came back to them at her utmost speed, her eyes wide open, her face very pale, and her bonnet pushed back on her shoulders. "Indians! Indians!" she gasped. She raised to her lips a little whistle that she wore suspended around her neck, and gave a sound so shrill and piercing that the woods resounded. Again and again she whistled. Mr. Richards hastened forward; she went with him a little in advance, and pointed to a cow pierced with arrows, and her throat cut. "That is our best cow; Indians have killed her! and hark! that is father's horn from the house." Again Ebbett whistled, and the horn answered. The whistle that Ebbett carried was a mere toy in appearance; it had been given to her by a visitor of her father's, a captain of a vessel from the South. He had received it from a

Southern planter; they use them in place of bells as calls to their negroes. It was made from the tusk of an alligator, and mounted with silver. The captain thought it unsafe for Ebbett to stray about in the woods as much as she did, and so he gave her the whistle and taught her to use it. It makes an astonishing sound, to be heard at a great distance. He had said to her, that she must always wear it, and, if she ever became frightened to sound it; and now, being *most thoroughly frightened*, she did sound it. No doubt the family at home recognized it.

"Now," said Mr. Richards, "the best mounted man must ride back to give the alarm. Mr. Ephraim, you must do that."

"I might miss my way," he said.

"True! Ebbett, are you afraid to go with him? Go by Glover's, and alarm him; then cross the clearing; it is the shortest way, and there is less danger of your being intercepted."

Thanks to the saddle, to which Colonel Hunt had so strenuously objected only the afternoon before, there was now but a moment's delay to adjust the pillion and swing Ebbett into the seat. It was a mode of riding, in which she was well practised.

"Now, forward fast," she whispered to her companion.

"But, will you not be thrown off?" he asked.

"That is impossible," she said resolutely; "you must go at full speed, or we shall be shot at from the woods." Thus urged, they dashed away. The Colonel did not ride much faster when he sped away from Marston Moor, only three months before.

By Ebbett's directions, they swerved from the road, by which they came, and soon saw a man quietly at work in a field. The whistle attracted his attention. "Indians at Brimsmead's!" screamed the child, throwing up her arms, and pointing in the direction of her father's. The man

understood; his hoeing stopped; a glance at the house showed the shutters flapping to, and in an incredibly short time an armed horseman left the place, and a horn sounded notes of alarm; the note was answered, first afar off, and then in every direction, and before they saw the village the clear sound of a bell rang out.

"Glover has done it," said Ebbett with great satisfaction.

"Done what?" asked Mr. Hunt.

"Alarmed the country," she replied. "We shall see the troops mustering directly."

"Then," he said, "it is safe here for you; if I put you down you could run home. I must now go back; Miss Anna may be in great danger. If you are sure that the alarm is given, I must go directly back," the Colonel insisted.

"Wait," she said, "till I can speak to Captain George, and then I will go back with you. You must take help to them."

By this time they caught sight of the village street, filled with mounted and armed men, when she said: "Ride up to that man on a white horse," and she gave out her signal whistle, and threw up her arms, and soon had all eyes upon her. She related just what she knew to the Captain, saying:

"This is Colonel Hunt; he wants to take help to them; he goes directly back."

Captain George gave one glance at Mr. Hunt, and seemed to recognize that he was just the man to take help to friends beset by foes. Shouting to four men by name, he directed them to go under Mr. Hunt's command, and to Mr. Hunt he said:

"Your duty is to get Mr. Richards and his party into Mr. Brimsmead's house—nothing further. Do not fight with Indians; get into Mr. Brimsmead's house, and remain quiet till we come to you. We will surround and catch the whole gang; they are thieves, nothing more."

There seemed no confusion, no surprise, no panic; each

man rushed to his appointed place, received his orders, hurried off to obey them, and recognized his officers as in a well-drilled army. It was more like the out-call of regular troops, than an alarm to quiet villagers. The necessities of the times made every man a soldier, and the very instinct of self-preservation had induced them to place their most able men in command.

CHAPTER III.

To return to Mr. Richards and his party. Had he been alone he would have pushed for the house to help his friend, who evidently was besieged, to judge from the sound of the horn, which was from in-doors ; but as it was, he did not wish to expose his daughter to he knew not what dangers. On their way they had passed a stone quarry, from which the stone had been taken for the new house. By retracing their steps a short distance, they could obtain a degree of shelter there. By drawing themselves into the deep recess formed by the excavation they were protected from shot on three sides. They helped Tom up into a tall pine-tree that stood near to act as a lookout, a situation that did much to relieve his terrors. His very teeth were chattering with fear ; it was with a ready good will he crept into the thick bushy top of the tree. The strongest feeling of a negro's nature is dread of the Indian ; and in return the Indian looks down on the negro ; and, if he gets him in his power, he reduces him to the most cruel slavery, and as soon as he is done with him knocks him in the head or amuses himself by torturing him.

Almost as soon as they were at the quarry, they heard Glover's note of alarm ; heard it answered and caught up by others, and very soon the clang of the alarm bell assured them, that the young horse under its new master was capable of wonderful speed. They saw no Indians, and it was not long before Mr. Hunt and his well-armed aids were in sight ; then the whole force rode rapidly to the house : they came up to the side door, which opened as they reached it. They were hurried in, and their horses led in after them. They

could not risk their being shot, and so the kitchen and passage-way was crowded with ten horses, that sniffed and rolled their eyes in the dim light; for the solid wooden shutters were fastened tight, and the only light was from the little diamond-shaped openings in the upper part of them. They found the family much exhausted; all night they had been pressed by Indians in considerable force. They had kept up fire on the foe, wherever a good shot could be had. The stable had been forced and the stock driven off. They had heard steps on the roof, and they had seen Indians hiding in a clump of bushes not twenty feet from the back door; it was not half an hour ago that they were seen there.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Brimsmead, their son, a youth of sixteen, two farm-hands, and a woman they called nurse Thayer; there were also of negroes, two men, a woman cook and her daughter, who was chambermaid; quite a strong garrison, as the women were all experts in loading fire-arms, of which they had a plenty, and the men were all good marksmen.

They had heard Ebbett's whistle, and since had been intensely anxious on her account; but when they caught the sound of the alarm bell, they rightly judged that she and whoever were with her had turned back for aid. The first to enter the open door was little Ebbett; with one bound she was in her mother's arms, and it was only then that her gasping sobs told how fearful she had been. When Miss Anna came in she at once pressed through the crowd and passed up-stairs and turned into what was called the spare chamber. There one of the front shutters was open; it was light, and all looked peaceful and civilized. She drew a long breath of relief, and tried to assure herself that all danger was past. She loosened the strings of her hat and went to the toilet-table to remove it. As she looked in the glass she saw an Indian, tomahawk in hand, come down

the chimney. A ringing shriek and a spring toward the door, which her enemy tried to prevent her reaching, instantly followed. She got the door open and flung herself down the stairs, up which Mr. Ephraim was hastening, pistol in hand. A shot and then a blow with the clubbed pistol, and the brute was slain. Anna was cowering on the first landing of the stairs, shrieking fearfully: the sight of the Indian dying seemed to excite her to frenzy. By this time a crowd of assistants were at hand; they opened the window and threw the Indian to the ground, fired up the chimney and opened the scuttle to see that the roof was clear. That Indian had probably been hid in the chimney a long time, awaiting the signal to show himself, and had received no intelligence of what was going on outside. Perhaps he became tired of waiting, or he may have heard Anna come in and close the door after her, and thought he could kill her and retreat as he came. All was but conjecture on that head. There were no other Indians on the roof, nor could any be seen from the roof.

Scarcely had this last terror and excitement subsided, when they began to hear shots in the distance: now on this side, then in an opposite direction, always coming nearer and nearer; after a while both horsemen and skulking Indians were seen in the openings; dogs barked furiously. All the men who were out had dogs with them that knew their business perfectly. They kept close to their masters, and obeyed when sent to search a thicket. They both feared and hated the Indians, and were a great safeguard to the early settlers. Their instinct often discovered the stealthy foe that a white man would have overlooked. There was a terrible hunt going on. The plan, that Captain George and his officers had long before concerted, was to surround any point, that should be assailed, and, gradually drawing in the circle, search the woods with their dogs as for wild animals, and shoot down all they found out in any attempt at murder

and pillage. The Indians at this time professed the most friendly feelings; yet these savage attacks were continually occurring. On this occasion the preconcerted plan was well carried out; no doubt many guilty Indians had escaped, but many were killed. Before night the troops began to come into the house; they were all neighbors, many intimate friends. The whole affair was one, with which they were only too familiar. Happily at this time there were no serious casualties among the whites. The windows were now thrown open and a table spread. Such provisions as the house afforded had been hastily prepared; a great frying of pork and potatoes and rashers of ham was going on in the kitchen. Smoked salmon was broiled, johnny cakes toasted before the fire, pans of milk brought up from the cellar and hasty pudding made to eat with it. Anything, that could refresh fatigued and hungry soldiers, was brought out—a huge punch-bowl was mixed and emptied, and renewed again and again. A fight for life had been going on for hours. The men came in in squads of three or four together; each party had its experience to relate. By comparing notes, they concluded, that the attacking party had come from a distance, and when the alarm was sounded, they had scattered in every direction, to leave no trail. The course pursued by the whites, they had not calculated upon; it proved too much for even Indian wiles. A great many were ferreted out and shot. Some, when close pressed, tried to play the innocent; but strange Indians had a poor chance that day—they were in a very unsafe neighborhood. The general opinion was, that a salutary lesson had been given, that would, for a time at least, put a stop to these ever-recurring and most harassing attacks of midnight prowlers, thieves, and murderers. The stock, that had been taken from the stables, had not been carried far: the animals were all found in the woods. That unfortunate cow had probably been killed to provision the party.

At length a guard was set, and the exhausted family prepared to rest themselves. The party that rode forth so gayly in the morning, were escorted back by a large force.

The next morning men went out with pick and shovel to bury the dead. For a time a nightly watch was kept about the place assailed; but nothing further occurred to cause alarm. In an astonishingly short time the excitement occasioned by this attack on Mr. Brimsmead's house died out.

As soon as Mr. Brimsmead felt it safe for him to leave home, he called on Mr. Hunt, and negotiations were entered into, by which he sold to the latter the whole of the lower plantation; also ten acres of salt marsh, and Barren Island. He gave as a reason for selling, that he wanted a good neighbor; he had had quite enough of living beyond call of any one. Mr. Hunt's settlement was not as near as he would have liked it to have been; but it was a step in the right direction.

At once our refugee became full of business, engaging workmen and drawing plans for a new house; and, strange to say, the plan fixed upon was not very unlike that of the building, which had so astonished him, when he first saw it pointed out by Jones, the tavern-keeper, as "Squire Richards' *very sightly* new house;" not that it was the first model suggested by any means; a great many others were discussed. Before even that was alluded to, Miss Anna sketched her ideal of a house and grounds, the objections to which were very forcibly pointed out by her father. The gentlemen most interested listened to all advice; they saw plainly it was no time or place for indulging an over-refined taste. All the merits of the established mode of construction were duly weighed, and many of its grotesque points acknowledged to be unavoidable; but there were a good many modifications. The "leanatoo" was so far abridged that Indians could not walk up the roof and down the chimney. But there were so many reasons in favor of the pro-

jecting second story that it had to be retained. The timbers of this second story had a saddle-shaped notch, which grasped those of the lower story, keeping all firmly in place. Then, in case of a general Indian war, which was not impossible, every house must be a secure fortress and place of defence. After Mr. Ephraim, as he was now always called, had yielded his own wishes on a good many points, he asked, in rather an impatient tone, and as if quite sure he could have his own way in that direction, "Are there any very great advantages in red and yellow paint?"

"Certainly!" answered Mr. Richards, promptly; "they are the cheapest, and they wear the best."

"If that is all, I think I will have it a very light shade of buff," remarked Mr. Hunt.

"And," retorted Mr. Richards, "it will look as though not painted at all; just the color of a pine board."

"Then," said Mr. Hunt, "how would white do?"

"If you could be contented with white," said Mr. Richards, "you could whitewash it." This last retort was almost malicious. The house was ultimately painted a shade of oak color.

Orders were sent to England and to Holland for not only paints and oils, but for nails, locks, hinges, bricks, and even doors and shutters. Workmen were busy clearing the spot, where the house was to stand, and digging for the foundations.

It was an affair of daily occurrence for our refugee to invite Miss Anna to walk up to the new place, to give her advice about one point or another of pressing importance; what trees should be cut away, and what trees and shrubs should be spared. The workmen all wanted to make a *thorough clearing*. With Mr. Hunt it was painful to order a fine tree felled. He had to watch over every precious one that was spared near the house. They had discovered that from the hill directly back of the house there was a

charming view, and it was arranged, that there should be a pathway cleared up to it, and a shelter or summer-house built there. Already a rude seat was placed, where many long conversations were carried on. They had talked over a great many subjects, and agreed wonderfully on most of them, when one day Miss Anna remarked: "You have told me about almost everybody, but you never speak of your cousin, Colonel William, as we girls used to call him; how his family can forget him so soon, I cannot see. I think of him whenever I see you."

"Did you ever see him?" Mr. Hunt asked, not a little amazed.

"Oh, yes! often," she answered. "I was at one time quite intimate with your sister Sarah. I made her several visits. It was a good many years ago, when we went to school together; and Colonel William used to come to Tittenden with the other officers to prove cannon. I do not remember to have seen you at that time. I believe you were gone to Italy for your health, or away somewhere—to the seashore perhaps—I don't remember, only *I did not see you*. Sarah and I were quite little girls. We did not go to table when the officers came; but we saw them from the windows. I never shall forget how Colonel William looked; he was the handsomest person I ever saw; none of the other officers were so young as he was. He was very fair and fresh-looking, and had the most beautiful curling hair, and was always splendidly dressed. He looked as though he was just as good as he was handsome. Whenever I think of him, and that he was cut to pieces with sabres, it seems so terrible, so cruel a fate, that I am sorry I was ever told of it." Here, with an impatient gesture, she dashed the tears from her eyes. After a short pause she continued: "How splendid it was, that Prince Rupert should have knighted him after the battle of York. We had just heard of that, when the news came, that he was killed. Ever since you first came I have wanted to

ask you about his death ; but I could not, it was so painful."

When she first commenced the subject, Mr. Hunt had started to his feet, not knowing exactly what to do or to say. He now stood before her, and, as she looked inquiringly up to him, with her eyes yet full of tears, he thought he would claim that wasted feeling, as his just due, if it cost him his life. He went close up to her, gathered both her hands in his, and said very tenderly, "Anna, my love, *do you not know me ?*"

She looked perplexed, then her face flushed ; as the truth dawned upon her, she asked : "Are you Colonel William ?"

"Yes," he answered ; "but if it is known I shall be dragged back to England and thrown into prison. They cannot make a traitor of me ; so they will put me out of the way. You will not betray me ?"

"Oh, no ! no, indeed !" she said, earnestly ; "but why did you tell me ?"

"Because," he replied, "I am in hopes you will be my guardian angel. Your father is so staunch a friend to the new order of things, that I do not want to try him with my confidence, but from you I would have no concealment." Then he spoke of his great love for her, and of the hopes he had formed of a happy life in the new home he was building up.

She did nothing to discourage him. She said, "I have always been afraid, that I could never love any one, who was less loyal, less brave, less perfect in every respect than Colonel William Hunt has always seemed to me. There never was a time that I would have refused him. I thought that the reason I liked you was, because you were his cousin and reminded me of him. How strange it was, that I did not know you ! I did always think of him, when I looked at you attentively, and I thought it was only, because you were his cousin."

They lingered long that afternoon and talked over all the terrible occurrences after Marston Moor. "And now," he said, resolutely, "I shall always be simply Ephraim Hunt."

"But," she remarked, with some anxiety, "can you always prevent expressing your real sentiments?"

"I shall never express any sentiments that are not sincere," he answered, promptly. "I have had a hard lesson in that ride I took from York to the seaport, where we embarked. I saw, that all England was in a blaze of rejoicing at the success of Cromwell. An overwhelming majority supports him. Then, for myself, *I have left England*. I intend to plant myself on this soil, and assist in building up here a self-governing community. Here we are in a new world, and can have something Arcadian in our surroundings." Then he launched out on how he intended to change the scene around them. "That brook, which is saturating all the low ground with moisture, I intend to straighten and deepen it; and I will cart that gravel ridge at the foot of the hill, and spread it over the marsh land."

"But," she said, "you will find it difficult to get the work done; you can't hire the laborers."

"I have provided for all that," he answered: "I have sent to England for hands, and I have sent to the West Indies for able-bodied young negroes. I cannot do much till the next spring opens. I must first get up shelter for them all. My fear is that more will come than there are roofs to cover." Thus planning, conversation was prolonged till the sun was low.

That night, as soon as the family had all retired to their rooms, Anna tapped at the door of her mother's chamber, and, when admitted, told her parents of the offer she had accepted, and asked for their approbation. She was so radiant and excited with her own happiness, that she did not see the hesitancy and doubt in her father's manner. He

was far from outspoken in his approval, though he would not say one word to cloud the prospect, in which his child saw nothing but sunshine. Yet, when she had left them, he said to his wife he was afraid, that the education they had given their daughter, was not the one best calculated to enable her to work her way through life with an enterprising man like Mr. Hunt. The good man lay awake for a long time thinking about it. The next morning after breakfast he walked with his son-in-law, who was to be up to where the new house was in progress. After once or twice beginning to say something, and then turning it off, he at last remarked: "Mr. Hunt, this is a very large house; it will take a great deal to fill it and keep it up as it should be, and then, these lands will not at once produce profitably. The fact is, I wanted to say to you that I would like to have you and Anna live with me for the first ten years after you are married. If you will consent to that arrangement, I shall feel much easier; she is an inexperienced child to set to work at the head of a family;" and the good man almost lost command of his voice, in his tenderness for his darling over-indulged only daughter.

It all at once flashed on our refugee that Mr. Richards was entitled to more confidence than he had shown him. "Ah! well, sir," he said, "perhaps I should have told you before this something of my circumstances. Let us walk to where we can find a seat upon the other side of the hill." The short walk gave him time; he was all the way thinking what he should say, and what leave unsaid. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to an honest, open character than to have to make up a story. Where a glib-tongued, worthless scamp would glide off entirely unembarrassed by the facts of the case, a perfectly truthful person will be terribly at a loss. At last he said: "You have heard how Colonel Sir William Hunt was mortally wounded at Marston Moor, and died the next day. Now you must know, that my cousin and myself

were brought up as brothers ; one tutor served for both. Nearly all my boyish days were passed in Mr. William Hunt's house. I was educated there. *He loves me as though I were his own son.*" (This item being a truth, he repeated it twice.) "When Colonel Hunt was buried in the little churchyard at Tittenden" (here he gave a heartfelt sigh to the memory of that rank and title he prized so highly)—"when that grave was filled in," he continued, "I was all that was left to the old man, his father ; he centered all his affections on me. I now stand in the place of a son to him. I always call him father—and always did. I have letters by me, in which he calls me his dear and only remaining son. He has drawn up legal papers transferring to me all the property my cousin William inherited from his mother. Then, he writes me, that he has executed a will giving to me his whole estate. In short, in all respects he has made me to stand in the place of the son he has lost. There will be no lack of means ; there is no reason to wait for anything ; it will be just as well to put things in order at once. I shall send for a strong force from England ; for English stock, and grain to keep them ; for farm hands and help of every kind. With good servants Anna can head an establishment as well as any lady that I know. If you will give us hospitality, till my buildings are up, by next summer I will have a well-furnished home to take my wife to ; besides," he continued, "the next spring will see great changes here ; my unc—Mr. Enoch Hunt—my father, I mean, intends to bring over a great part of the iron works from Tittenden. My cousin—that is, my brother Peter—and his family, and all the workmen that he can influence, will come out. It would be a first rate speculation to divide off some lots on the main street, not too far from the landing, and put up log-houses on them. They would all sell at once ; all who come will bring some money, and many of them a good deal of property."

It would have been a study to have watched the changes in Mr. Richards' countenance, as Mr. Hunt went on in his statements; for, after the latter gentleman had got through the very embarrassing task of burying himself decently in Tittenden churchyard, and then under another name planting himself firmly in his own property again, he became so exhilarated with his success, that he went blundering on, mixing up brothers and cousins, uncles and fathers, and running the iron works quite unnecessarily into the discourse about his own house; yet Mr. Richards' face went on brightening, and from wearing the most clouded look of despair, became all aglow with hopeful excitement. The fact was, he had invested largely, and his speculations were rather dragging; but here was an influx coming, that would give a start to everything.

The result was, that the clouds of discontent, which had hung round the engagement, were all blown away; even the proposal of an early marriage was listened to. Finally, November 1st was fixed upon for the wedding. Mr. Enoch Hunt would stay to see his son (?) married, and then return to England.

I have little more to relate, unless I give an extract from an old family Bible, given by Welthean Richards to her daughter Anna, dated January 1, 1645. In it is recorded the marriage of Ephraim Hunt to Anna Richards. Then, in the course of the six succeeding years, we read of the births of three sons: John, Thomas, and Ephraim. Then the death of the beloved young wife. A few years pass, a line is drawn across the page, and below it another marriage is recorded: that of Ephraim Hunt and Ebbett Brimsmead; then the births of three other sons: William, Enoch, and Joseph. No other death occurs in the family till 1687, when the old man, our refugee, is laid in the grave, and on the stone at his head they write:

Here lyeth Buried
ye body of
Ephraim Hunt,
aged about 77
years, deceased
ye 22d of February,
1686-7.

This stone is still standing in the old graveyard in Weymouth. And there lies all, that remains of Colonel Sir William Hunt, chief of artillery in the army of Prince Rupert, York, England, 1644.

The story of his life was told to his sons; but told as something it would be very unsafe and imprudent to make known. During their lives there never was a time, when the circumstances could have been spoken of. Titles to estates would have been called in question, and personal liberty would have been endangered; but his grandsons found no such concealment necessary; they spoke freely of their gallant ancestor, and perhaps the pride they felt in him, did much to form the character of the race. They are now very numerous. Leigh Hunt, the English poet, and Colonel Thomas Hunt, U.S.A., were descended from his second son Thomas. Of the Refugee's six sons, five lived to marry and leave large families. There are thousands in this country who, by tracing back, will find they are among his descendants.

In his will our refugee left to each of his six sons an estate in Boston sufficient for his support, and an examination of the will of Mr. Thomas Richards shows, that a very large landed estate was divided between the three sons of his daughter Anna. Mr. Brimsmead's son died without heirs other than his sister Ebbett's children, so that they ultimately took the whole Brimsmead estate. Yet we find every one of the six—John, Thomas, Ephraim, William, Enoch, and Joseph—actively engaged in business, establishing the much-needed industries in the New World. They con-

nected themselves in marriage with the best names in the country.

Directly descended from Colonel Sir William Hunt, the hero of York (our Refugee), was William Hunt, attorney-at-law, who, 1787, married Jane Bethune. By this marriage he became the father of Mrs. John A. Weisse, of New York, who was their youngest daughter.

WEISSE.

THE direct ancestor of John A. Weisse, M.D., of New York, was "MASTER OF THE CHASE" at the court of the Duke of Lorraine. His coat of arms illustrates this fact—the hunter's horns and the small flags used in hunting can only allude to such an office.

Dr. Weisse's father was "Garde Général des Forêts" in the service of France; his elder brother followed his father in a like office in the same department. John A. Weisse was carefully educated for the Church, but when the time came for him to take Orders he declined to do so, and became Professor of Mathematics in the college where he was educated. He came to America in 1840, where he married. He has a son and daughter living, and six grandchildren. In 1848 he returned to Europe to finish his study of medicine in Paris; he received his diploma as M.D. in Brussels in 1850, then returned to America, and has since practised medicine in New York—No. 25 West Fifteenth Street.

His work, "Origin, Progress, and Destiny of the English Language and Literature," was published in 1878. Few works have been so well received by the English-speaking world. Hundreds of letters of eulogy and congratulation have been poured in upon him from the greatest scholars and statesmen in the world. He has since published "The Obelisk and Freemasonry," which was well received. He is still writing. It is a work on the history of medicine that now engages his attention. Further particulars can be seen under the head of "WEISSE" in the "Encyclopædia of Contemporary Biography of New York."

